



KERSTNUMMER 1968

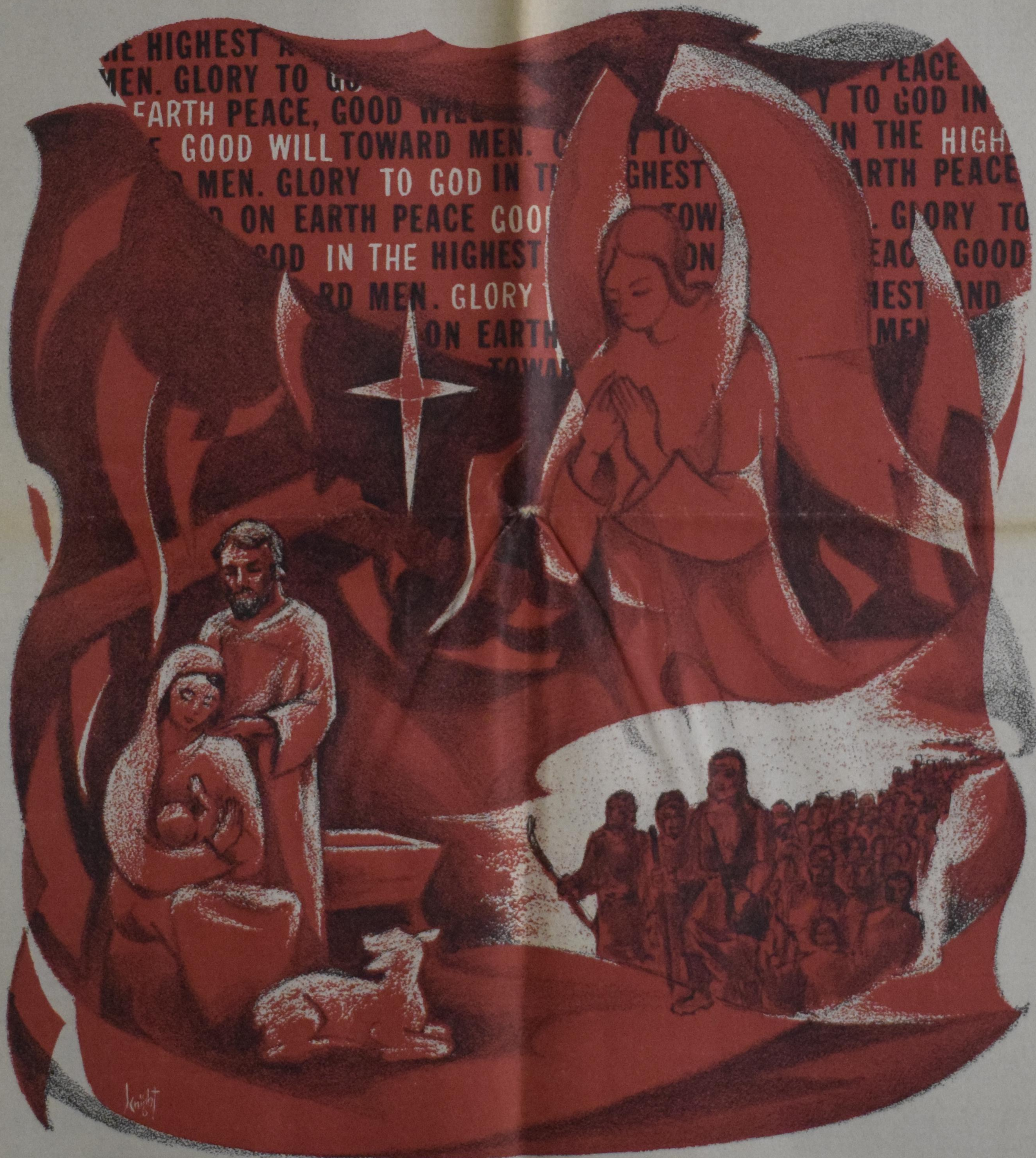
Rev. J. W. Van Weelden, Jan.  
Tweedsmuir Ave.,  
Chatham, Ont.

# CALVINIST-CONTACT

CHRISTIAN WEEKLY



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“... Spirit-filled lives who can't stop praising God”



Gratefully we acknowledge the fine cooperation of Mr. John Knight of Grand Rapids, Mich., who made the artwork for the frontpage. Mr. Knight gives the following comment on his drawing.

Editor.

## Joy to the world

It's almost like a fairy tale — a stable, shepherds, a choir of angels, rich men with gifts — let's face it: the events in Bethlehem almost two thousand years ago don't really "touch" us.

It is so much easier to ignore the reality of Christmas and concentrate on "Jingle Bells", jolly Santa, gifts, food, drink, parties and shopping spree. To us that seems more REAL and more meaningful than the story of God coming to us in the form of a baby.

Of course, we WILL observe Christmas — there will be a church service on Christmas Day, a Sunday School program, perhaps even caroling at a rest home . . . for the poor, lonely souls, whose Christmas would be a sad affair if it weren't for others taking some interest in them.

But let's listen again to the Christmas story and see it with NEW eyes. Luke's account of the birth of Jesus lists one joyous occasion after another: Listen to Mary: "My soul magnifies the Lord and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour." And what about the old priest Zechariah? His response, after months of silence was a song! "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel . . . he has raised up a horn of salvation for us." And look at what the shepherds did after they had seen Jesus. They . . . returned glorifying and praising God." And the shepherds were only the beginning of a long line of people who met Jesus.

Simeon who sang spontaneously in the temple court about a light for revelation to the Gentiles and glory for Israel. 84-year-old Anna, another temple regular, who thanked God for His gift. And the next chapters of Luke, describing Jesus' ministry, are filled with a joyous response. The paralytic (5:25), the people of Nain (7:16), the demon-possessed man (8:39), the crowd that watched Jesus cast out an unclean spirit (9:43), the people in the synagogue (13:17) and many others.

What a tremendous record of joy, excitement and awe among those whose lives were touched by Christ, not only during Jesus' life on earth, but throughout the centuries . . . in all parts of the world: spirit-filled lives who can't stop praising God.

The song of the angels: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," was not heard by many. And sadly enough during the centuries since Christ came the fairy-tale concept grew: "A sky full of angels, singing that kind of a song for a handful of shepherds? Phooey!" "Peace and good will? Show me!" "A baby to whom grown-ups bowed in reverence? A fable!"

But there are evidences that Christmas was indeed the turning point in history and the voices who echo the song of the angels today bear witness: "Christ came for me and he has given me a new life, an abundant life . . . come, let's praise Him so OTHERS may see Him, too."

John Knight.

Beelden van  
en uit

## NEDERLAND



Best Wishes

## Trouwen in december

Luther zei: "Der höchste Segen, dem Gott einem Menschen erteilen kann, ist ein gutes, biederes Weib."

"Bieder" betekent rechtschapen, gemeedelijk.

De grote Hervormer kon meer van dergelijke rake uitspraken doen inzake huwelijksgeluk. Meer dan toen, zou hij nu bij vele R.K. geestelijken een gewillig oor hebben gevonden. Steeds meer priesters in Nederland gaan trouwen. Het Nederlandse episcopaat mag hen dan niet in hun ambt handhaven, maar poogt toch de gehuwde geestelijke in een of andere vorm voor het werk, speciaal het pastorale, van de kerk te behouden. Als Rome niet tegenstribbelde zou, geloof ik, het vraagstuk van het gedwongen celibaat in Nederland spoedig zijn opgelost.

December geeft, naar het schijnt, een topcijfer te zien van trouwjustigen. In deze maand verwacht men dat ongeveer 20.000 paartjes in het huwelijk treden. In mei, de klassieke trouwmaand, bedroeg dit aantal 11.000. Moeten we spreken van een liefdes-explosie in deze kille wintermaand? Heeft men Luther's spreuk begrepen?

De realiteit is iets minder idealistisch. Dat de ambtenaren van de burgerlijke stand de non-stop race nauwelijks aan kunnen heeft een andere reden. Wie nl. in december trouwt profiteert van belastingfaciliteiten. De dure uitzetten worden door de terugontvangst van loonbelasting, omdat getrouwden een gunstiger tarief hebben, enigermate gecompenseerd en zo ligt er dus — en dat is door alle eeuwen heen vertoond — een schakel tussen liefde en economie. John Cruyf, onze topvoetballer, was een der eersten die in het Amsterdamse stadhuis deze maand in het huwelijk trad, maar velen volgen nog. Wat Amerika en Canada allang kenden, is het gaan trouwen van

studerenden. Steeds meer studenten in ons land gaan hiertoe over, waarbij ook al weer een bij-overweging een rol speelt, nl. de huisvesting. Mede daartoe neemt de arbeid van de gehuwde vrouw ook in ons land toe. Zij het minder dan elders. Op een vraag van een Tweede Kamerlid, waarom, ondanks de gunstige conjunctuur, het gemiddeld gezinsinkomen in Nederland beneden dat van de omringende landen lag, antwoordde minister De Blok, dat in de buurlanden de gehuwde vrouw meer inbracht. Overigens mag over de economische toestand niet geklaagd worden. De rijkdom aan gas is verrassend groot. De nieuwe concessies in Friesland, Drenthe en Noord-Holland hebben een bewezen reserve van 74 miljard kubieke meter.

Het algemeen herstel heeft de deskundigen meer of minder verast. De productie ligt op hoog peil, de export is gunstiger ten aanzien van de invoer dan het vorige jaar, de betalingsbalans zal een overschot te zien geven, het aantal werklozen daalt en bedraagt zelfs minder dan de vacatures. De vakbonden zijn er natuurlijk als de kippen bij om bij de onderhandelingen over nieuwe meerjarige contracten zwaardere eisen op tafel te leggen. De regering maant tot voorzichtigheid, vooral met het oog op onze concurrentiepositie, maar tenzij het gezond verstand het wint zijn arbeidsconflicten bij de intrede van het nieuwe jaar niet uitgesloten.

De gewone man heeft het soms wat moeilijk om de dingen in haar eigen verband te zien. Wereldonderzoekingen als Philips, Shell, Hoogovens, A.K.U. en anderen publiceren hun kwartaalstaten. Die laten winsten van tientallen miljoenen zien. Mag de arbeider daar dan ook niet van profiteren?, zo vraagt men. Natuurlijk mag dat en hij doet het ook in reële zin. De koopkracht van de werknemers is van 1960 tot 1967 toegenomen met 44%. Voor het gros van de Nederlandse bevolking ligt dit veel lager. Intussen zijn ook andere problemen als winstdeling, spaarloon, meer medezeggenschap van de arbeiders in de bedrijven, enz. aan de orde.

We kregen dezer dagen onder ogen het nationaal budget van 1946, het eerste jaar na de oorlog. De uitgaven en inkomsten van het rijk werden toen geraamd op ruim 3 miljard gulden. Thans bij een bevolking 1½ maal zo groot, meer dan 23 miljard.

En toch is er geld tekort, veel geld zelfs. Onderwijs heeft meer nodig, alsmede Verkeer en Waterstaat, de grote gemeenten, de volkshuisvesting, de Cultuur — noem maar op.

Toen de Regering in contact met de bondgenoten van de N.A.V.O. voor versterking van de paraatheid van onze strijdkrachten 225 miljoen gulden extra vroeg, en zonder veel verzet van de Tweede Kamer kreeg, liepen alle "vredes"-

vrienden weer te hoop en volgt protest op protest. Waar ook sommige V.U.-professoren aan deelnemen en uiteraard studenten. Zelfs de A.R. jongeren deden een duit in het zakje en keurden de houding van de geestverwante Tweede Kamer-fractie, die de Regering steunde, af.

Een dichter — toegegeven uit de 17de eeuw — schreef: "Krepeel wil altijd voordansen". Maar een klein beetje ziek word je tegenwoordig wel van die wijsneuzige jongemannen, die over alles en nog wat een mening hebben, dikwijls slachtoffer van communistische en anarchistische elementen, daarbij alle regels van fatsoen en orde breken en als zij hun zin niet krijgen de straat opgaan met spandoeken en lawaai. Pas op, ontzeg hun dat recht niet, want dan ben je niet democratisch. Welnu, als prof. Van Riesen het onmogelijk gemaakt wordt zijn college te geven omdat sommige studenten een bepaald standpunt van hem niet delen; als de directeur van de Rijksacademie van Beeldende Kunsten bij de opening van de leerangang op een onpasselijke wijze gehinderd wordt; als men gebouwen bezet en eventueel vernield onder het motto "Leve de democratie", dan kunnen ze van mij die democratie stelen. Naarmate het Gezag slapper optreedt, wordt de terreur erger. Naarmate theorieën als: het Gezag moet zich waar maken, doorvreten, wordt de handhaving van recht en orde aarzelerder en belanden we weer bij de moordtaferelen van Parijs 1889.

Dr. A. Kuyper schreef in 1869 bij de toekenning van stemrecht aan de leden van de Hervormde Kerk een kleine brochure over: de werking van art. 23. Daarin maakte hij de volgende opmerking:

"En geldt het reeds op elk ander terrein, dat het gezag ophoudt gezag te zijn en dus in zijn werking vernietigd wordt, zoo het zich schikken moet naar de wil van hen, wien het tot gezag moet verstreken, — nog veel sterker komt dit uit op godsdienstig gebied."

Democratie, als speelbal van de "straat", houdt op democratie te zijn en loopt uit op chaos. Parijs in mei j.l., en Rome vandaag, zijn er sprekende voorbeelden van. In Nederland gaan we evenzeer het hellend vlak af.

Misschien is er één redmiddel — we keren terug naar het begin — ein gutes, biederes Weib.

De provo's die trouwden hoor je niet meer. De gehuwde studenten,

die een flink wijf hebben, worden wel achter de broek gezeten wat hun studie betreft en verdoen hun tijd niet met herrie.

En misschien staat er nog eens een Debora op, die tegen het Nederlandse volk en de Nederlandse jonge mensen de waarheid durft te zeggen, nu het staatslieden, rector, professoren en volksvertegenwoordigers blijkbaar aan moed ontbreekt.

Cn.

### FROM THE MAILBAG

#### A POOR ATTENDANCE

On Saturday, November 23, 1968 the Seminar "The Christian in Industry" was held. At this session Mr. N. L. Matthew of Toronto, a well known lawyer in labour relations, introduced the topic of discussion "Freedom versus Responsibility in Labour Relations".

It is not the intention of the writer to tell you about this Seminar. What struck him was that only a few Christians of reformed background were present. Where were all the members of the C.L.A.C. or the C.T.U.C.?

One would expect that they would do their utmost to influence other Christians and not neglect opportunities such as this meeting offered. However, the opposite seems to be true and because of this the future does not seem too hopeful for the Hamilton area.

In this district of much industry and construction-work an active membership of the Christian labour unions could be of tremendous help.

Members out of conviction should take every opportunity to be informed and offer themselves as co-workers to carry this conviction with other Christians further into the labour-world. Therefore be present when the next meeting in the beginning of next year will be held. Christian employers and workers know your responsibility and come.

C. Kuurstra.

Hamilton, Ont.

**Volgende week verschijnt ons blad niet. Het eerstvolgend nummer komt uit tussen Kerstmis en Nieuwjaar.**

## "BETHLEHEM"

Christmas Oratorio to be performed by

HAMILTON CHRISTIAN CHORAL SOCIETY,  
GRIMSBY CHRISTIAN CHORAL SOCIETY,  
HAMILTON YOUTH CHOIR

HAMILTON — December 19th at 8 o'clock in James Street Baptist Church (opposite Y.M.C.A.).

GRIMSBY — December 26th at 8 o'clock in Grimsby Christian Reformed Church on Highway 8.

TICKETS may be obtained from the Choir members.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

to the customers of our  
Printing Department

As from the first of December 1968 changes have taken place at Guardian Publishing Company Ltd. Commencing this date Guardian Publishing Co. Ltd. has terminated its printing department, but will continue with the publishing of "Calvinist-Contact" and other publications.

The printing department will be operated by Mr. A. Lammers, who has been with our company for the last 15 years. Before Mr. Lammers joined our company, he was already acquainted with the printing trade.

Mr. Lammers will continue the printing department under the name GUARDIAN PRESS. The location of Guardian Press is also: 89 Gage Ave. South, Hamilton, but the mailing address is: P.O. Box 337, Station "B", Hamilton, Ont.

The mailing address of Guardian Publishing Co. Ltd. and that of "Calvinist-Contact" remains: P.O. Box 312, Station "B", Hamilton, Ont. "Calvinist-Contact" will be printed at Guardian Press.

It has been a pleasure for us to serve you, and we wish to thank you for your confidence and patronage. At the same time we express the hope that you will favour Mr. Lammers with the same co-operation which we have enjoyed for many years.

GUARDIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD.

## Church Announcements

CHR. REF. CHURCH

Called

to London (Bethel), Ont., Rev. A. Kuyvenhoven of Hamilton I, Ont.

to First Vancouver, B.C., Rev. B. Nederlof of Bellflower, Calif.

to Trinity, St. Catharines, Ont., Rev. E. J. Knott of Grand Rapids, Mich.

to Manhattan I, Mont., Rev. A. H. Venema of Richmond, B.C.

to Medicine Hat, Alta., Rev. D. J. Scholten of Exeter, Ont.

Declined:

for Woodstock, Ont., Rev. J. B. Vos of Grace, Chatham, Ont.

for Vancouver, B.C., Rev. L. Tamminga of Sioux Center, Iowa.

for Telkwa, B.C., Rev. P. De Boer of Sioux Falls, Iowa.

for Medicine Hat, Alta., Rev. D. J. Scholten of Exeter, Ont.

FREE CHR. REF. CHURCH

Called

to Nunspeet, Neth., Clifton, N.J., St. Thomas, Ont., Rev. J. Tamminga of Grand Rapids, Mich.

EMERITATION

REV. C. NOORDEGRAAF

Classis South and East of the Free and Old Christian Reformed Church granted honourable emeritation to Rev. C. Noordegraaf of Toronto, because of serious illness. Effective Jan. 1, 1969.

Rev. Noordegraaf served in 's Gravendeel, Neth., before he came to Canada and served here in Chatham, Ont. and Toronto, Ont.

## TEACHER WANTED

The London Parental Chr. School urgently needs a

PART-TIME TEACHER

(mornings or afternoons) for grade 2. Please send applications to Mr. W. VanWieren, principal, 202 Clarkside Road, London, Ont.

The Red Deer Christian School requires

1 PRIMARY TEACHER

for the present school term as our present teacher wishes to join her husband in Holland. Contact Mr. G. Ouwens, 3935 - 38 Ave., Red Deer, Alta.

## DATUM CENTRALE

December 18	Christmas programme in Fruitland Christian Reformed Church.
December 19	Christmas Concert Westminster Secondary School, London.
December 19 Hamilton	Christmas Oratorio "Bethlehem" by Hamilton Chr. Choral Soc., Grimsby Chr. Choral Society and Hamilton Youth Choir.
December 21	Christmas Banquet, Christian Action Foundation, Hamilton, Ont.
December 26	Christmas Concert, Chr. Ref. Church, Albion Rd., Rexdale.
December 26 Grimsby	Christmas Oratorio "Bethlehem" by Hamilton Chr. Choral Soc., Grimsby Chr. Choral Society and Hamilton Youth Choir.
December 27	Meeting Christian Businessmen Association, Holiday Inn, Oakville, Ont. Speaker: Prof. E. L. H. Taylor.
December 28	Christmas Concert, Knox Chr. School Auditorium, Bowmanville.
December 28	Hockey Tournament, Physical Education Building, Guelph University.
February 22, 1969	Toronto: Annual Meeting of the CJL Foundation. Speaker: Dr. Bernard Zylstra.

De meeste van deze samenkomsten zijn geadverteerd in ons blad. Wij verwijzen naar die advertenties voor verdere bijzonderheden.

## CALVINIST-CONTACT

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## Kerstfeest, Nu

Wij vieren Kerstfeest in een tijd, dat de mens bezig is het luchtruim te verkennen. Als alles wel gaat, zal nog voor het einde van het jaar Apollo VIII om de maan vliegen en kort daarna (hoe lang?) zal een poging worden gedaan om op de maan te landen. Dit zijn althans de Amerikaanse plannen. In hoeverre de Russen er in zullen slagen eerder zulk een landing voor te bereiden, staat nog te bezien. Zij zijn er in ieder geval hard voor aan 't werk.

Erg veel maakt dit ook niet uit of de Amerikanen of de Russen het eerste een voet op de maan zetten. Een ieder is ervan overtuigd, dat het een enorme menselijke prestatie is. Bagatelliseer het niet door te zeggen, dat de maan het dichtst bij de aarde is. Ook al is de maan dichterbij dan enige andere planeet of satelliet, de schrede is gezet op het terrein van ruimte-verkenning en niemand kan nog zeggen, waar dit toe leiden kan.

Temidden van zulk een voortschrijdende kennis vieren wij Kerstfeest.

Die mannen in zo'n ruimteschip moeten wel een diepe indruk ontvangen van het heelal. De een is wat uitbundiger dan de ander, maar allen zijn het er wel over eens, dat het een machtig schouwspel is. Zij, meer dan wij, beseffen, dat een trip naar de maan eigenlijk maar een klein tripje is als je naar de andere sterren en planeten ziet. En dan te weten, dat je ze lang nog niet allemaal zien kunt. Je weet en je bevroedt, dat er tallozen meer zijn, maar wat weten wij er eigenlijk van? Niet alleen door de afstand, maar eveneens in vergelijking met andere planeten en sterren is de aarde dan eigenlijk maar een heel kleine, nietige stip. Een kleine onder de onnoemelijk vele hemellichamen, die in het onmetelijke heelal rondzweven. Meer is de aarde niet.

Op die planeet vieren wij Kerstfeest.

Is het christelijk geloof eigenlijk wel houdbaar tegen de achtergrond van al die kennis, prestaties en afstanden? Het christelijk geloof zegt, dat er een God is, die dit alles geschapen heeft. Aangenomen nu dat dit waar is, durft men dan nog volhouden dat deze Almachtige Schepper zich het lot aantrekt van een aantal mensen die zo'n kleine planeet bewonen? Is dit niet te laag gedacht van zulk een God? Scheppen en onderhouden van zulk een gigantisch heelal maakt het toch eigenlijk zeer ongeloofwaardig, dat God Zich zou inlaten met deze planeet, laat staan dat Hij er Zijn Zoon voor gegeven heeft.

Tegenover zulk een redenering vieren wij Kerstfeest.

En tegenover deze gedachtengang in deze tijd en op deze planeet, houden wij vol, dat God Zijn schepping en dus ook deze aarde zo heeft liefgehad en dat Hij zoveel van het leven op deze aarde heeft gehouden, dat Hij Zijn Zoon, Zijn enige, gezonden heeft. Wij houden toch vol te geloven in dit "dwaze" van God om in ons vernederd leven in te komen en het voor Zichzelf te heiligen. Het christelijk geloof zegt niet, dat de planeet aarde te nietig was om er naar om te zien. Het christelijk geloof zegt, dat hoewel deze aarde onder de andere hemellichamen nietig is en hoewel de mensen vergelijkenderwijs niet meer zijn dan een stofje aan de weegschaal, God toch gekomen is. Het is onbegrijpelijk, maar misschien is het juist daarom zo aanbiddelijk groot. Stel het U toch voor: God, de Schepper, de Oneindige, de Almachtige, is hier gekomen om Zich hier een Kerk te stichten, een volk, dat helemaal alleen voor Hem is. Het is niet te begripen. God hier, op deze aarde, in dit land, in onze stad, in onze straat, in ons hart. Daarvoor heeft Jezus in de stal gelegen en in de timmermanswerkplaats gestaan. Daarvoor heeft Jezus meegemaakt wat wij moeten meemaken, en nog veel meer. Daarvan hebben de profeten geprofeteerd, maar daarvan hebben ook de engelen gezongen!

Dit grote feit, dit komen van de hoge God tot ons, is ons Kerstfeest.

Het is smartelijk als de christenen niet begrepen worden. Als hun geloof in strijd met de kennis en wetenschap wordt beschouwd. Het is echter meer grievend, het is smartelijk voor God als de mensen schouderophalend aan Zijn werk en doen voorbijgaan. Hoe uitermate teleurstellend (menselijk gesproken) als de mensen zeggen: daar is God te groot voor. Maar eveneens teleurstellend als de christenen zelf aan dit geweldige gebeuren voorbijgaan, als zij zich niet meer verbazen over wat God gedaan heeft.

"Laten wij dan naar Bethleem gaan om te zien hetgeen geschied is en ons door de Here is bekend gemaakt."

Gaan wij mee?

D.F.

### CALVINIST - CONTACT

and

GUARDIAN PUBLISHING CO.  
LTD.

extend their  
sincere wishes for a  
Christ-centered Christmas  
to all our readers  
and friends.

## A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION

# Christ's Birth: Joseph's struggle and ours

Louis M. Tammings

Watch it! On December 29 you will think back on how you celebrated Christmas! Few people really feel satisfied about themselves then.

Of course, we tell each other every year that the sentimentalities and the glitter may not rob Christmas of its true meaning. But we will probably never quite be able to strip our Christmas celebrations from these leech-like trappings. There are the holidays, the presents, the meals, the hours that are filled with busy-ness, and the excitement that somehow become part of it all. Ministers don't get weary of admonishing the congregation to be sober, but they too are dragged along in the whirl-wind called Christmas, a program for each church-society, the parties, the visits, and the extra sermons.

★ ★ ★

Not so with Joseph.

The birth of Christ brought a whole lot of struggle for him, before it brought peace, or should we say: *because* it brought peace.

It all started in heaven, a start of which Joseph had no inkling. God bade Gabriel to visit the temple in Jerusalem to bring the startling news to Zacharias that he and his wife, in their old age, were to become the parents of a son, herald of the great Messiah. Just before John was born Gabriel was sent on a second mission, this time to Nazareth. The fulness of times had come. The birth of the Messiah was announced to Mary.

Now Mary was engaged to be married to Joseph.

★ ★ ★

In biblical days the ties between an engaged couple were, in a sense, closer than they are today. Such an engagement involved a commitment of faithfulness which was not lightly broken. It was a commitment to marriage itself. The betrothed belonged to each other, though they had not yet come together as husband and wife. In Matthew 1:19 Joseph is already called Mary's "husband".

Now note the terrible problem which suddenly arises between Joseph and Mary.

It appears that Mary finds it impossible to explain the message of Gabriel to Joseph. She bears the secret alone, the secret that she will have a baby. Nothing weighs so heavily on a relationship than a problem that cannot be revealed, that cannot be identified, and, hence, cannot be discussed.

Joseph senses a growing distance, but he does not know what divides them.

Jesus' appearance in the flesh makes a crisis unavoidable.

The world of 1968 is driven on by a passion for comfort and success. We refuse to live with unsolved problems, though we have so many. It takes a renewed spiritual sensitivity to see that God works out His program of salvation among us in the way of problems. *Sharing the birth of Christ is peace-in-problems, not peace-without-problems.*

★ ★ ★

Mary decides to leave.

She travels the long way South to be with her older cousin Elisabeth.

Right! Time and distance are God's merciful gifts to ease the sting of the immediacy of problems. There Mary experiences solace and comfort. Three months of quietness and meditation. Three months of blessed fellowship with Elisabeth and her godly husband, people of understanding. Three months of respite also for Joseph, a time of reflection, a time of preparation.

It is indeed an amazing thing to note how God works His redemption in full cognizance of our actual life situations and circumstances. The coming of Christ spanned eternity and affected the centuries, but, in bringing it about, God carefully took account of every facet of the personal life of a young man called Joseph and a young woman called Mary.

Don't forget that the purpose of Christ's coming into this world is our salvation. How, then, can we think that God does not carefully arrange our life for us?

Christmas, at least, ought to make that very real and alive for us!

★ ★ ★

The greatness of Joseph's character is demonstrated in the unfolding of the personal drama that follows upon Mary's return from Judea.

Strengthened by her stay at the priest's quiet home in Judea, Mary returns to Galilee. It is then that Joseph learns that Mary is with child. It appears that Mary, even then, is unable to reveal the angel's message to Joseph. Intense personal struggle now begins for Joseph. Questions arise, concerning Mary, for which his soul knows no answer. A bitter helpless loneliness overpowers him as hope fades for his love's fulfillment.

Actually, there was just one course open for Joseph. He would go to the elders and bring in an accusation against Mary. In Old Testament days that would have led to the death penalty for the unfaithful. Since Roman days this was changed to public condemnation.

But Joseph is not only a just man. His heart, even now that darkness has beset his soul, beats warmly for the well-being of the girl he loved. He arranges that Mary be sent away to another place, where she will be spared the pain of humiliation and public scandal.

This act of unspeakable kindness and concern shows how big a man Joseph was.

Let us not venture explanations and applications.

Let it be enough to confess that God carefully selects people in the great drama of redemption. A man of this personal greatness was selected to be Jesus' guardian. Nothing less than such magnanimous stature would do. Yet a man of such unassuming modesty and understanding that Jesus in his presence could develop and mature without hindrance.

Or did Joseph's immense kindness have a deeper source? Would it be mystical to confess that, upon Mary's return, it was the presence and the closeness of the Christ-child that kept Joseph from falling into the sin of harshness. For that would then have been the world's most tragic hour!

★ ★ ★

The entrance of the Lord Jesus Christ into our heart brings something of that crisis. We want a friendly home, nice children, and at least some security and recognition. But we suddenly face situations which we never sought. We have to make decisions which we never wanted to make. *Moses* had that advent pain: "Lord, it is good enough for me to stay here in Midian, Lord I am not suitable to go to Egypt . . ."

*Jonah* too. He had absolutely no desire to get mixed up in God's foreign affairs. So he travelled away from advent to have his peace. But you don't sleep long with Christmas in the land.

*Paul* had a promising career. But one day Jesus came into his life. And there he went already with Christmas tidings along the dusty trails of a hostile empire.

*John Calvin's* father recognized his boy's prodigious intellect, and decided that a career in public life would be just excellent, but there dawned the reality of the incarnation and from there on it was suffering unlimited.

We always associate Christmas celebration with safety. We withdraw, as it were, from life on a small temporary island. We feel the coziness of our small circle of dear ones. We feel the solace of it all. But, in reality, Christmas is our isolation into a world that needs our involvement in just the opposite. Christmas is that Christ brings us out of the battle for the Kingdom of Christ.

Learn from the sheep.

In his autobiography, *John Buchan* tells of a walk that he made through the Scottish highlands. Snow began to fall and the weather grew severe. Hurrying home he saw a flock of sheep coming out of the hollows from below up the bare hill-side facing the full storm. Mr. Buchan approached the shepherd suggesting that it perhaps would be better for the sheep to stay in the safety of the sheltered valley. But the shepherd explained that the sheep instinctively know that snow will drift high in the hollows, and that they would flounder and die in the piles of snow. They seek the storm so that they may survive, he explained.

*Christmas celebration involves a renewed pledge to seek the storm and survive.*

★ ★ ★

And then the great liberation!

The angel goes on a third mission. He comes to Joseph in a dream. For so He giveth His beloved sleep. The lonely separation is broken. The entrance of the angel's Word brings light! "Joseph thou son of David, do not fear to take Mary your wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Spirit."

That Word unites two people. All the dark imaginations are chased away. Together they stand, Mary and Joseph, hand in hand, with their wondrous secret in the warm glow of God's love and grace.

Believers, too, *think* a lot. We imagine much. We dread dangers which our thoughts project on the screen of our soul. The Word of God, the Word become Flesh, will chase away thoughts of darkness, ill will, impatience, rancour, pride, misunderstanding and nothingness. We will never overcome any of these, in fact we will nurse them, unless there is this Christmas liberation where the Word breaks through, where we humble ourselves before God, where the mess of sin and selfishness is cleared away, and where we assume our place among the militia of Christ. And experience then Joseph's light. *Not because the actual circumstances have changed, but because WE have changed.*

★ ★ ★

Is there never a let-up?

Joseph may cherish the angel's message, but while he is on the go. Meditation and idleness don't go together at this Christmas. Mystical contemplation around Christ's birth blazes the trail for action.

No, there scarcely is a let-up. There is so much to be done. Joseph took Mary unto himself, Matthew tells us. All the while Joseph could not explain anything to his townsmen. But let them think what they will, let them talk. God has already provided. Joseph is busy in joyful service. Joyful for the Child's sake. The nativity account adds soberly that Joseph abstained from marriage relations. For he saw a greater marriage, that of the Lamb and the Bride.

No let-up for those of such vision and such dedication. More service for Joseph. The emperor summons the children of David to Bethlehem. It is a hard journey. Mary is now ready to be delivered. Joseph cares for her, shares the fear, bears the burden of leadership. In Bethlehem there is no place. Time is running out. A stable must do. A palace now, aglow with this man's love and devotion.

No let-up for Joseph.

Herod's murderous hordes come galloping to destroy the Child. Joseph arranges another journey, this time to Egypt. Joseph is Jesus' shield and buckler.

Service goes a long way.

In the carpenter's shop father Joseph teaches his Son a trade, all the while opening the Scriptures to Him.

It has been said that Christmas is not a biblical holiday. The early Christian church did not celebrate the birth of Christ on a special day. It probably is a Christian substitute for a pagan mid-winter feast. But if our Christmas celebrations would make us all run a bit faster in the Lord's work, for church, for kingdom, for missions, for evangelism, for Christian school, and for Christian action, and for each other: a happy Christmas to you!

★ ★ ★

But service does end.

Suddenly we don't read about Joseph anymore. Jesus must increase, Joseph decrease.

It seems that Joseph died before he reached middle age. But his was a remarkable and rich life. In sacrificial spirit he met his Messiah. He was the first representative of the New Testament church to welcome the Savior. Nothing was too much for him. Of course not! Being so close to the Christ, his strength was renewed, he ran and was not weary, he walked and grew not faint.

Well, then we can go on! Doers of the Word, the Word that became Flesh, followers of the Redeemer, ready and able to give our all in the Savior's service.



# Meditation before Christmas<sup>1)</sup>

Let us try to get the Scriptures opened for us at the passage which the Holy Spirit let John record in chapter 14:1-7 of his account of the gospel. It is the beginning of a conversation which Jesus had with his disciples just after they had eaten the last supper together. Toward the end of that meal Jesus told his companions that he was going to leave and that they could not come along. He had already told the Jews so and now that he told his intimate followers, his close pupils, he expected of them that they would get the point. However, there is quite a confusion. Overenthusiastic Peter even volunteers to give his life if he can come along. Perhaps they were afraid to stay behind.

Then Jesus says: "You (of all people) must not get yourselves all shook up! You must believe in God and you must have faith in me as well. There are many rooms in my father's house. If that were not (the case), I would've told you. For I'm on my way to get a room ready for you. And once I'm gone and will have your room all set, I'll come back and take you home with me, so that you may also be where I am. And you know the way I'm going."

Thomas said to him: "Sir, we don't know where you're going, how do we know the way?"

Jesus said to him: "I am the way and the truth and the life. No one is going to get to the father if he isn't going through me. If you had known me, you would also have known my father. From now on you know him and have seen him."

What's the message? What's the Word coming to us here that has the power of a law which, as the psalmist says, makes us alive, wise, glad and all lit up? (19:7-8) What warning are we given and what

reward is held out for faithfulness in the fear of the Lord? (Ps. 19: 11) And why a passage like this for a meditation before Christmas?

Yes, let's talk about Christmas for a moment. As we know, the feast of December 25 began as a pagan festival, during which men celebrated the beginning of the lengthening of days as a sign that light was victorious over darkness. The evergreen tree was the symbol of the light that never fails. We baptized that pagan feast and made Christmas of it. Not for long though. We've come full circle again. The peace and goodwill, the lights in trees and the turkey dinners as well as the gifts bought with money are all 20th century pagan goodies. "Secular" we say. What is left of the baptism is, as a friend of mine expresses it, "a little Jesus sprinkled on top."

If we're at all embarrassed with December 25 we can do a number of things. We can spend that day as most men spend it. Eat a lot, if you buy one less bottle and spend that money on a taxi, drink a bit, give the kids some candy and toys and buy the various grown-ups some useful articles of clothing. Do not associate the day with anything else but a traditional day of merry-making and gift-giving. Do not go to church. Make absolutely no special effort to connect the day more with the birth of Christ than any other day. Just have a ball and while doing that remember that as a christian you are entitled to a ball, even though you must observe certain limits. If we would do that we would make less of a curse out of Christmas than we usually do now. Now our December twenty-fives are much like those of the story in which a protestant, a roman catholic and a jewish boy told each other how they celebrated the day. The protestant boy remembered that they'd been to church in the morning after they'd unwrapped the gifts, that they'd been to grandma's for a turkey dinner and that the tree wasn't as nice as last year's. The little catholic had been to mass the evening before and for the rest he didn't have much of a different story to tell. The young son of David recalled how they had gone to his father's store, had counted the money that came in during ninety shopping days before Christmas and had sat down on the counter to sing: What a friend we have in Jesus.

There is an even better way. That would be to ignore the whole

stupid affair completely. We just go about our daily routines, no day off, no closing of christian schools. We just say to the world: "Look, if that's what you unbelievers do with this feast, we'll have no part of it." Or better, we say to ourselves: "That's the only way in which we can muster the strength to keep our observance of Christ's birth from bad contamination." And there are, of course, much better ways of observing the coming of the Word in the flesh, many better ways and many more-biblical ways. For, whatever Christmas is, it is not a biblical feast and probably never was.

But now I hear someone say: "Christ taken out of Christmas? Never! I'd rather die." Yes, of course, we would prefer to keep our Christmas the way we have it and keep Christ in there the way we put him there and the way we like him there: poor little babel! Damned be our unbelief. Is that a way to treat the Lord of Life? To keep him enclosed in our snug and comfortable surroundings? So we can recognize him in our patterns? Is that the way of the Way and the life of the Life? A life in the way of Truth?

Now I hear Christ, The Word, say: "You mustn't make such a fuss friends. You must believe in God and in me, his Word! If you would really read the Scriptures you would know what it's all about. You would know that the Word-made-flesh is the Law fulfilled and that the law fulfilled is the way and the truth and the life. To walk with God according to his Word is the way to walk, is the walk of life, is to walk in the truth. And to walk with my father is to keep his commandments; to love him and your neighbour is to keep his commandments. In keeping them there is great reward. My apostle of love, John, has spelled it all out for you in his first letter. My spirit helped him do that. Just as I promised you. (John 14:25-31) And my servant Paul also wrote you about this, saying that the Scriptures go open when you follow my way. (II Cor. 3:12-18)"

Is that true? Does the Christ, the Word-made-flesh, really say that? Is that what the birth of the God-Man means? Is that his way? Surely, for in keeping the commandments there is life. But before the Word became flesh, that very life-promising commandment spelled death. (Rom. 7:10) And when the Word-became-flesh had

paid for that death which was the reward for our way of not keeping the commandments, he gave those who believe in him the reward there is in keeping them. That is what it means to be free from the law: that we are free to keep it again and get rewarded even when we fail. The birth of the savior means the beginning of a new life of obedience. It means that we can read the Old Testament again as it really is, as a book in which God put down the law of life.

What is the Old Testament? It is the textbook of God's people when they still went to school and it tells the story of those school days. In the New Testament God's people have graduated and have taken on a job, the job of the coming Kingdom of God. They got their diploma in the Word-made-flesh, even though they failed every subject. We can read all about that in the Old Testament. How God so loved his people that he even took time to teach all sorts of extra-lessons in an extra-curricular period of forty years in the desert.

Let's just take one of those old school books once, the one called Deuteronomy, and read — now that Christ has made it possible for us to understand it — some passages. "You shall walk in all the way which the Lord your God has commanded you, that you may live, and that it may go well with you, and that you may live long in the land which you shall possess." (6:33) As we see, the old school book spells out the way and the life very clearly. Let's see about that desert episode. "All the commandments which I command you this day you shall be careful to do, that you may live and multiply, and go in and possess the land which the Lord swore to give to your fathers. And you shall remember all the way which the Lord your God has led in the wilderness, that he might humble you, testing you to know what was in your heart, whether you would keep his commandments, or not. And he humbled you and let you hunger and fed you with manna, which you did not know, nor did your fathers know; that he might make you know that man does not live by bread alone, but that man lives by everything that proceeds out of the mouth of the Lord. . . . So you shall keep the commandments of the Lord your God, by walking in his ways and by fearing him." (8:1-6) There we have it again: life is the way of the Word and we know the Word in the whole scale of God's commandments. That is the way we can walk after Bethlehem. And notice that walking that way also means fearing God. That literally means being afraid! (Is. 8:30 and Rom. 13:3) It means being afraid to displease the Lord our God. The old school book makes that clear too: "Take

heed lest you forget the Lord your God, by not keeping his commandments and his ordinances and his statutes, which I command you this day: lest, when you have eaten and are full, and have built goodly houses and live in them, . . . and your silver and gold is multiplied, . . . then your heart be lifted up, and you forget the Lord your God, who brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, . . . who fed you in the wilderness with manna which your fathers did not know, that he might humble you and test you, to do you good in the end. . . . And if you forget the Lord your God and go after other gods and serve them and worship them, I solemnly warn you this day that you shall surely perish. Like the nations that the Lord makes to perish before you, so shall you perish, because you would not obey the voice of the Lord your God." (8:11-20)

Do we think that sounds dreadful in the "happy" days around Christmas? But that is happiness! To fear God and keep his commandments, that makes us a real God-imaging human being. (Eccl. 12:13) And the birth of Christ made that all come-in-the-flesh real, just as his death put a bloody-good seal on the covenant. Feasting around the birth of Christ is a down-to-earth, flesh-and-blood reality feast. The revelation of the glory of God. And what a God, who gave us those beautiful commandments to live by.

Do we think of the commandment-giving-God as a mean brute who is a kill-joy to boot? Well, the same old textbook tells us that he gave such commandments as this one. Pay attention now! This is one in which the greater God ordains that the love-feast we call honeymoon should last a whole year. Can you imagine that? "When a man is newly married, he shall not go out with the army or be charged with any business; the Lord your God, to walk in his ways, to love him, to serve the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul, and to keep the commandments and statutes of the Lord, which I command you this day for your good?" (Deut. 5:1-10) That's the way and the truth and the life. Great, isn't it!

Do we perhaps think of this great God as one who couldn't be bothered with most of the routine of daily life? Forget it. He is concerned with nothing less than our toilet-habits! "You shall have a

place outside the camp and you shall go out to it; and you shall have a stick with your weapons; and when you sit down outside, you shall dig a hole with it, and turn back and cover up your excrement." (23:12-13) That is our God! That is his way. Christ came to show us that way. He died for our spoiled honeymoons and even when we won't be housebroken all our earthly lives, he's already fixing us messy sinners a room in his father's holy house. And in that room we, who have been whoring around all our lives, will be received by our bridegroom like a virgin.

How on earth do we celebrate his coming? That's simple. We know the way. We keep his commandments. All the fines we collect on the way are paid already, so we just keep going. That all the fines are paid does not mean that there won't be a lot of trouble when we smash up our car. We still pay that way till he comes again. But there will be no points taken of our licence. We are fully licenced to keep on going and it stays that way. That is the way, the life, the truth. Isn't that simple? All we have to remember is that there is not an inch of road without rules. That is the way. The way it is. Don't for a moment think that church-going, table-prayers, no swearing or stealing or adultery is all there is to the way. From now on we know all about it. Even the apparent quiet of our rest-rooms gets beautifully disturbed by divine command. We can't even sit down there if we don't do it on the way. The way is the way of the kingdom of God, of the rule of his Word over all of life. There's no need to get all shook up over that. We must believe in God.

Could we have a Christmas that way? What way? We'll let the old textbook say it again: "And now, Israel, what does the Lord your God require of you, but to fear the Lord your God, to walk in his ways, to love him, to serve the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul, and to keep the commandments and statutes of the Lord, which I command you this day for your good?" Maybe we can't have Christmas then. But it'll be a great way of celebrating the birth of our Lord.

Hendrik Hart

<sup>1)</sup> The article is designed to provoke a critical evaluation of our Christmas celebrations, now that the spirit of a secularizing commercialism has also deeply invaded these celebrations in the christian community. The author asks whether a special celebration of Christ's birth can still be properly associated with what has become of Christmas. A definite answer is not given, because the author believes that this can only come forth from a conscious effort on the part of the christian community in responsible confrontation with this problem.



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The Son of God, to dwell with man on earth.  
"Thy gift of love, beyond all understanding,  
O'erwhelms my soul and floods my heart with song  
In thankful praise, for matchless Grace abounding,  
Revealed in Christ, Thine own beloved Son.  
"Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee:  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!"

Cliff Barrows



# YOU ARE THE BRIDGE!

by REV. G. RIENKS

We all feel that it should not be our ideal to build a little Dutch or Christian Reformed island in the stream of Canadian life, but that in one way or another we should participate in the society in which, under the providence of God, we find ourselves. This does not mean that we throw overboard the heritage we have, but rather we discover avenues by which we can invest this heritage in Canadian society.

These avenues are not hard to find. In fact, it often makes me think of the word of Paul in Eph. 2:10, "that we should walk in the good works which God has prepared beforehand." Apparently, God opens avenues, and the only thing we have to do is to walk in them.

This is what I for example have experienced over and over again during the four years of living in the beautiful town of Simcoe, Ont. and I would like to tell something about these experiences.

My predecessor, Rev. John Friend, had been an active member in the Simcoe Ministerial Association, and, consequently, the new Christian Reformed pastor received a warm welcome in this circle. One incident during that first meeting I will not easily forget. A new executive had been chosen and one of the members spoke a word of appreciation to Merl, the retiring president, and offered him as a gift the booklet "The Honest to God Debate". And this is what Merl answered: "I thank you very much, gentlemen, for this gift. I must however confess that I don't have the book of Bishop Robinson 'Honest to God'. I felt a book which is a disgrace to my Savior is not worth its money."

These words struck me tremendously. Merl is a minister in the United Church, has a Mennonite background and does not have an easy position in his Church. He more or less counts on me as a fellow-Evangelical when we have our Ministerial meetings. Merl lost his wife about six years ago and must often feel lonely in his old parsonage. We have become good friends. Now and then he phones me and asks me to come along when he has to go somewhere. On such trips I begin to understand better the piety of our Mennonite brethren.

Recently Merl phoned me and asked, "Are you busy, Gabe?" I told him that I was. "Even to have our lunch together in Branford?" Merl asked again. I really did not have time. Then he confessed that he had to buy a suit and he did not feel safe buying it all by himself. Merl is a very impractical man. No longer did I dare to resist his request, and both of us are still proud of the deal we made.

At the time I came to Simcoe some members of the Ministerial had their weekly breakfast Bible study at 7:30 a.m. in the kitchen of the Education Building of St. James United Church. What is a better way to learn to understand

each other as churches than to study the Bible together. I enjoyed those early meetings.

One of the faithful members was Francis. He was the pastor of a United Church just outside of town. We had moved to Simcoe in November and when Christmas came Francis invited our whole family for the Christmas dinner. That evening he told me that he was of Dutch Pennsylvanian descent, and had been a farmer in the West. At the age of 48 he had entered a Theological College and this was his first charge.

Although Francis was a sincere Christian, his theological training had not been too profound. In such a situation there is the danger of slipping, unconsciously, into a liberal trend of thinking. It often depends on the books which are used. On a certain morning Francis had introduced a portion of Scripture which dealt with the Lord's Prayer. He had said that here too the Lord is our example, that the Lord prayed these words and that we have to pray it in his spirit. In our discussion I asked Francis if he really thought that the Lord himself prayed this prayer, e.g. "and forgive us our sins", and if it was only "in his spirit" that we had to pray these words or "in his name, on the basis of his redeeming work". "Of course," Francis said. I had a feeling that in this kind of discussion we really could help each other.

Another member of our Bible-study group is Ottis. He is the minister of the First Baptist Church. For a long time he had not been at our meetings. For many months he had had a spiritual depression and had been on the verge of a nervous breakdown. During that time I had visited him in his study. He told me of the crisis in which he found himself and how as a teenager he had found and committed himself to the Lord. You almost feel scared when somebody tells you the inside story of his life. Later on Ottis was present again at our Tuesday morning sessions. At that time we discussed each week a sermon of one of the members. One morning it was Ottis' turn. He read his sermon of the past Sunday, which happened to be preparation for the Holy Supper. I was really disappointed. It was more or less an essay on how to live as Christians in a changing society. The redemption through the blood of Christ was scarcely mentioned. And that on a Preparatory Sunday! I made a remark on this, but felt that it was better to discuss this with Ottis personally. That week I dropped in his study again and told him that I was wondering why he had not put the cross of Christ in the centre of his sermon, especially since Christ meant so much to him personally. At the end Ottis said, "Gabe, I believe that I have to do some more soul-searching."

One of the topics discussed at the business meetings of the Ministerial Association was the Open-

Air Services in the park during the summer. In general we didn't receive too much interest among the established churches for such projects. The result was that my friend Merl, Doug, the Pentecostal minister, and I were appointed to this committee, I being the convener. That meant that whenever there was such a meeting in public, it would be in the hands of "Evangelicals". This gave us many opportunities. They asked us e.g. to organize an Open Air Service on the "Old-Home week-end" last year, the Centennial year. From far and near people had come to their home-town. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon. To emphasize that, in spite of different backgrounds, we can be one in Christ, we sang the different stanzas of a hymn in different languages, e.g. The Church's One Foundation Is Jesus Christ Her Lord — L'Eglise en sa prière Unit à leur Sauveur — Verkannt, verschmät, gemieden, In Kämpfen leidensvoll. The Salvation Army band played. People of our own congregation filled the old Bandstand and sang some favorite Gospel songs in Dutch, a.o. Daar ruischt langs de wolken een lieflijke naam". A boy played a wonderful clarinet solo. About 700 people had turned out. They had asked me to be in charge of this meeting. After all, they said, you represent one of those ethnic groups. And why not?

(To be continued.)

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### THE WORLD AROUND US

## Chemical and Biological Warfare

The world is now very well acquainted with the damage an atomic war can cause. Western governments have tried to educate their people and told them what to do in case of an atomic attack. During the Cuban Crisis a great many Americans and Canadians built shelters in their homes, stocked them with the government suggested items and hoped that they would not have to use them. The Canadian government even gave tax exemptions to all those who constructed shelters. There are still occasional 'ban the bomb' demonstrations, some of which seem to have become an annual affair now, but it seems that we have learned to live with the bomb; few people build shelters anymore and those who still have them, have converted them into storage or recreation rooms.

Nevertheless, when on July 1 the U.S., Britain, the Soviet Union and 58 other nations signed a treaty to prohibit the spread of nuclear weapons, an audible sigh went up from the western population. It seemed to many that the nuclear threat was somewhat lessened now that the nuclear proliferation treaty had been signed. This is, of course, a false sense of security. France and China were conspicuous by their absence and are thus not bound by the treaty, while the U.S. Congress still has not ratified the treaty, and may not do so for a while yet in view of the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. Even if the treaty is ratified, it still has little force because adherence to the treaty depends on moral, public opinion and not on police enforcement. In all the fanfare that surrounded the signing of the treaty, a brief memorandum issued by the Russians was given little or no attention; item six of the memorandum proposed a "ban on the use of chemical and bacteriological weapons". The U.S. did not say anything in return to the Russian proposal, in part because it is using chemical warfare in Vietnam, and is already encountering very unfavourable public opinion because of this. Still, that this suggestion should come from the Russians is already a blot on the record of the western democracies. It is known that the U.S.S.R. has manufactured both chemical and bacteriological weapons, and has a substantial stockpile of them in various places in Europe. It is rumoured that a certain percentage of the missiles now in readiness have chemical and/or bacteriological warheads. (The U.S. uses the term 'biological' weapons, while Europeans say 'bacteriological'.)

The world has known about chemical warfare since the First World War when thousands of men died or were incapacitated for the rest of their lives by the (often treacherous) use of mustard gas or other chemical agents. World opinion was so strongly adverse to this barbaric method of warfare that in 1925 the Geneva Protocol was drawn up whereby all signatory nations promised not to use chemical or bacteriological methods of warfare again. When World War Two broke out, people still remembered the terror of the gas attack in the previous war, and governments issued gas masks to all civilians as well as all the soldiers. Gas was not used in the war, but England had a substantial stockpile of it in case Germany would use it so that they could retaliate. The latest use of this kind of warfare has been taking place in Vietnam. The U.S. is not a signatory to the Geneva Protocol, and is thus not bound by it. Nevertheless, the U.S. has stated a number of times that the chemicals it uses are not lethal and are only used to defoliate the dense jungles of Vietnam so the Viet Cong can not hide in them anymore, or to destroy rice crops thus making it more difficult for the Viet Cong to obtain necessary food supplies.

But a number of scientists have stated that the supposedly harmless defoliation chemicals may leave a lasting effect in Vietnam;

that they destroy all life, and that what now is luscious jungle or fertile agricultural land will become barren and infertile territory once the chemicals have been applied in sufficient amount. And the amount that is being used is steadily increasing. The Air Force has told Congress that it will spend over 70 billion dollars on 10 million gallons of chemicals used for Vietnam defoliation and crop-killing in the fiscal year beginning July first. This is an increase of almost 25 million dollars over this year's figure. In the first nine months of 1967, 843,606 acres in Vietnam were sprayed with defoliant and 121,400 acres with crop-killing chemicals. Egypt has gone a step further in the use of gas. While fighting in Yemen, the Egyptian airforce has dropped bombs loaded with mustard gas and nerve gas. But none of the western nations have raised their voice in protest against this form of warfare. Is it because the western nations are also involved in manufacturing these lethal gases? It is known that Britain has a very large research station which manufactures new gases and tests them, but Britain maintains that it is only for defensive purposes, to find antidotes for the new chemicals.

The U.S. both manufactures and stocks the new chemicals. How many shells and bombs are loaded with these dreadful lethal chemicals few people know, but the number is thought to be substantial. About a dozen years ago a low-key campaign was launched to try and make this form of warfare more palatable for the public. The point was repeatedly stressed by military men that this kind of warfare does not destroy property. This may be so, but to say that property is somehow more important than people seems a lugubrious argument. The military also did not explain to the people how large-scale man-produced epidemics of cholera or anthrax are to be stopped, where is the antidote to come from in large amounts to combat sicknesses? How long will areas be inhabitable after such an attack? The British government carried out tests on a small island north of Scotland in 1942; certain dangerous bacteriological tests were carried out, and the result is that today the island is still uninhabitable for all forms of life, because the bacteria is still in the soil. Is man producing weapons which will ultimately make this a barren planet?

That the U.S. government, which professes to be heading a Christian nation, can even contemplate manufacturing these kinds of weapons is indicative of the sincerity of the leaders when they say they are Christians. At least the British government states it is not manufacturing weapons, and since there is no proof to dispute this statement, we will have to accept it. Only the Swedish government is involved in the chemical and biological warfare field in a justifiable manner. Research is also taking place, but no weapons are made. The government is quite open about its research, allows photographers to come in and take pictures of the various tests and writers tell the people what is going on. Sweden has numerous shelters all through the nation, where people can flee in case of an attack — either by nuclear, biological or chemical weapons. The Swedes are continually told what to do in case of such an attack, gas masks are issued to the people, the telephone has a special warning ring which will be activated when an attack takes place. The government has made the people aware of what could happen, and has taken as many preventive measures as possible. But what have the Canadian and American governments done? The people are told very little or nothing at all. The research and manufacturing are all done in secret, and is geared towards attack weapons, not just defense for the people. Is this the only way to keep this country secure? Is this Christian?

J. J. Bout



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## A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR CHILDREN

BY MRS. B. HOSMAR

# Joyce's Gift

"What's the matter with you today? You've been day-dreaming all morning, Joyce," asked Miss Roberts, her voice not sounding too kind, "is there a special reason why you think schoolwork is not important?"

Joyce looked at her teacher with a startled expression in her eyes. It was true, Miss Roberts had warned her at least five times. If she did not pay attention, she might have to stay in after school.

"Well?" asked Miss Roberts again, "do you want to tell us what's on your mind?"

Joyce thought for a moment. Well, it wasn't a secret anymore, she might as well tell the whole class, next week everybody would know anyway.

"Next week we are going to get company," she began. "They are going to live with us for a year — a mother, a father, and their daughter who is my age. They will live in our basement, we have an apartment downstairs, and dad told them that they could live there since we are only using it for playrooms now. The man, Dr. Tonka, is going to work in the hospital here, to learn some more about medicine. The girl's name is Jeanette, she will go to school with me. My dad got their address from somebody, and he wants to help the Tonka family, that's why he offered them our basement. These people come from Nigeria." Joyce stopped, and Miss Roberts started to smile.

"Now I know why you are so absent-minded; no wonder, you had a lot to think about. But let's continue with our lessons now."

The class went back to the science lesson, but Joyce kept thinking about the company. She had not told the class the thing that was uppermost in her mind: the Tonka's were negroes. What would her friends say when she came to school next week with a girl, whose skin was black? Mother and dad had told Joyce and her brothers Jack and John that all people were equal, no matter what colour their skin was, and their children had always agreed. But now it was a bit different, now people with a dark skin were going to live in their very own home. There were no negroes in their town, so the Tonka's would get a lot of attention. Would her friends tease her, or would they tease the new girl, Jeanette? Joyce did not want to talk about her fears to her parents, for she already knew that they would be disappointed, and that they would tell her that she ought to be ashamed of herself. God had made all people, whether their skin was white, or black, or brown. Mother had told her that she would have to treat Jeanette like a sister, after all, Jeanette might be very lonesome at first in a strange country, with strange people and strange customs.

"You can introduce her to your friends, and make sure that she won't be lonesome," Mother had said, and Joyce knew she had no choice. Jeanette would be her constant companion for a whole year.

At four o'clock Joyce hurried home. It was snowing a little, three more weeks and it would be Christmas. Her two brothers greeted her eagerly.

"Come downstairs, Joyce, look at the apartment," Jack cried excitedly, and Joyce ran downstairs. She could not believe her eyes. Mother sure had done a lot of work today. All their toys had been moved to an empty corner in the basement, and the two playrooms looked

very nice indeed. The biggest room had a chesterfield, two chairs, a coffee table, and some lamps. In one corner was the kitchen sink with the cupboards, and the hotplate and the 'fridge'. The kitchenette had always been there, but the children had used the cupboards for their toys. In another corner was a single bed, with a bright bedspread over it.

"That's for Jeanette," explained Mom, pointing to the bed. The smaller room was for Dr. and Mrs. Tonka.

"Well, what do you think, Joyce, can three people live here for a year?" asked mother, smiling.

"They sure can. It looks very cosy," answered Joyce, "but Mom, when the Tonka's live here, can we still go in these two rooms?"

"I'm glad you asked that," answered mother. "Listen children, starting next week you all have to pretend that these two rooms don't exist. Another family will live here, and only when you have a message, or when the Tonka's invite you, can you enter these rooms. Is that clear?"

"We won't be able to play soccer downstairs anymore," said Jack sadly, and mother started to laugh.

"You poor dear," she teased him, "how about playing soccer outside? Let's be glad that we can help this family. Dr. and Mrs. Tonka don't have much money, but Dr. Tonka is very clever, and he will become a very good doctor. This will be their first Christmas that they will celebrate away from home. They are not used to this cold weather, and it's probably the first time in her life that Jeanette will see snow. Have you thought about buying a Christmas present for her, Joyce?"

"No, I haven't confessed Joyce," "but I have a dollar or so left, I can buy her a book or something."

Joyce and Jack counted the days, and finally the day came that the new family arrived. The three children tried very hard not to stare at their guests; was their skin ever dark! Dr. and Mrs. Tonka and their daughter spoke fluent English, and they seemed to be very friendly. Mother and dad took them downstairs to show them their new home, and pretty soon Joyce found herself looking at Jeanette, and trying very hard to think of something to say. But four-year-old John was the first one to speak.

"You're very dark," he began in a friendly voice, "do you ever have to wash yourself?"

Joyce tried to stop him, but little John continued: "Let me touch your hand, to see if the black comes off!"

"John, will you stop that!" Joyce managed to exclaim, but Jeanette started to laugh and held out her hand to the little boy.

"You try to rub it off, you won't be able to," she smiled.

John, after examining Jeanette's hand, said admiringly: "Boy, it's real, isn't it!"

"In our country most people are black, we think that white people look a little funny," Jeanette explained patiently, and this gave Joyce something to think about.

The next day Joyce and Jeanette were a little late for school. Mother had given her young guest one of Joyce's wintercoats that didn't fit her daughter anymore, but looked very pretty on Jeanette, since she was a little smaller. All the children were already sitting in their desks, when the two girls arrived, and when grade four saw Joyce's companion, everybody grew very quiet for a moment and everybody looked very surprised. Everybody, except Miss Roberts.

"Well, here we have Jeanette Tonka," she began, in a friendly voice. "Girls and boys, Jeanette will be a great help when we have Geography. We are going to study Nigeria, I got some books about that country from our library, and our new girl will be able to tell us all the things that I don't even know. And girls, you don't ever have to be bored at recess time, Jeanette's father is a doctor, and his daughter is very good at being a nurse. Last night, when Joyce was already sleeping, I visited this new family, and Dr. Tonka told me that Jeanette can put bandages on people and treat wounds just like a real nurse. Her father taught her in Nigeria, and I'm sure you girls want to learn it too. So you could play nurse during recess, and Jeanette can teach you."

"Oh boy," exclaimed several girls while they looked at Jeanette with admiration, "did you really help your father, and did you really help sick people?"

"Yes, of course, they came to our house," smiled Jeanette, "I'll be glad to teach you girls."

At recess nobody seemed to notice anymore that Jeanette looked different, everybody was asking her questions, and crowded around her, everybody but Joyce, who didn't quite know what to do. Things sure went a lot different than she had thought. She had pictured herself protecting Jeanette from teasing boys and girls, and instead of seeing a shy, timid girl she saw a laughing, joking Jeanette, who seemed to feel quite at home in her new school and her new country.

The following days were the same. Jack and John taught Jeanette how to make a snowman, and Jack even taught her how to play soccer. Jeanette loved the snow and the ice, and didn't seem to mind the cold weather a bit. Everybody was friendly to the dark girl, everybody but Joyce. She tried very hard to hide her feelings about her guest, but she couldn't help feeling jealous. Jeanette already had more friends than she had, and everybody liked her. At school everybody played hospital and nurses, and during Geography lessons Jeanette seemed to be the teacher, instead of Miss Roberts.

"I'll try to save two more dollars, and then I can probably get my flute for Christmas, and then the kids in our class will look at me when I accompany the singing on my flute," Joyce thought all of a sudden. Yes, that was a good idea. She had been saving for several months now to buy a real expensive flute. She had looked at it several times when she visited the music store. It would cost twelve dollars, but mother had promised her that she would pay half, if Joyce could earn the other half by saving her allowance and doing some babysitting after school, when mother had to go shopping. Joyce also had piano lessons, but she liked playing the flute much better. She already had one, but it was very old, and it didn't sound too nice anymore. Miss Roberts had promised her that she could accompany the class on the flute as soon as she could play well. She could already play several songs, but she didn't want to take the old one to school.

"I can easily get two more dollars by next Friday," Joyce thought. "I can give Jeanette one of my own books for Christmas, that will save me an extra dollar, and then I can give Mom the money, and she can get me the flute. After the Christmas holidays, I'll take it to school, and everybody will admire me."

That night, after school, Joyce told Jeanette that she wanted to look at some stores, and that she would be home a little later.

"May I come with you?" Jeanette asked, but Joyce answered impatiently: "No, I want to go alone."

"Okay," was all Jeanette replied, and Joyce hurried to the music store. Yes, the flute was still there. It was a beauty, and she looked at it with admiration. "Peace on earth, good will to men," sang a choir; at this time of the year you could hear Christmas carols in all the stores.

When Joyce came home, mother told her: "You are late, dear; John is a little sick, he's upstairs in his bedroom. Jeanette is with him now. Won't you go to him and read him a story?"

Slowly Joyce climbed the stairs, and in the hall she could hear Jeanette's voice: "So now I'll tell you the rest of the story of the baby Jesus, but first I'll draw a nice picture for you John, about Jesus in the manger, who loved us all so much that He became a tiny baby."

"Hi," said Joyce when she entered the bedroom, "how are you feeling, John?"

"Okay, I guess," answered her brother. "Joyce, you should have been here. Can Jeanette ever tell good stories, and can she ever draw nice pictures. I wish you were my sister, Jeanette, then you would always stay with us."

There it was again, even her small brother was fond of this stranger, this girl from another country.

"Jeanette can never, ever be your sister," Joyce replied in a very cold voice. "You see, John, don't ever forget that Jeanette is a negroe, and that you are white. Negroes and white people can't be brothers and sisters."

As soon as she had said the words, she could feel her cheeks getting red. Was this what her parents had taught her, and her teacher?

Jeanette turned slowly to Joyce and her big brown eyes filled with tears. "You don't like me, do you Joyce? You never liked me," she said, and then she turned to little John. "Come on John, I'm going to tell you some more about the Christmas story, about the wise men from the East, who brought gifts to Jesus. My father told me that one of the wise men was black, just like I am, but Jesus loved him also."

Jeanette continued with the story, and Joyce went to her room, and sat down on her bed.

Why in the world had she been so mean to Jeanette? If Jeanette had been shy, and timid, Joyce would have felt sorry for her. But Jeanette had not needed her protection, she could very well take care of herself, and this had made Joyce jealous and angry.

"I'll have to make up to her, but how?" Joyce thought miserably, and then . . . all of a sudden . . . she had an idea. But wasn't that too much . . . after all, she could also go into John's bedroom and apologize. But then she thought again about the things she had said, and the hurt in Jeanette's eyes.

"I'm going to do it," she told herself firmly, and quickly she went to her dresser. "Mom," she said hurriedly in the kitchen, "I have something to do, can I still go out before supper?"

"What is it?" Mother wanted to know, and then her daughter whispered something in her ear. Mother looked very surprised for a moment, but then she started to smile. "If that's what you want, then I'll agree," she replied.

Quickly Joyce went to the toystore. She knew exactly what she wanted.

"Please give me that toy over there, the nurse's kit," she asked the saleslady, "no, not the small one, the one that costs \$3.98." Quickly she looked at the gift. Yes, everything was there: the scissors, the bandages, the ointment, the thermometer, and many other things. When she handed over the money, her hand trembled a little. The flute would just have to wait.

"May I give it to her now, even if it isn't Christmas yet?" she asked her mother. "Please, let me give it to her now."

Mother looked at her daughter fondly. "Yes, you may," she answered, as she stroke Joyce's hair. "Listen Joyce, I don't have to preach to you, you know as well as I do what Christmas means. It means God's great love to all the people who believe in Him. It means that God gave the greatest gift of all. And I think that you are also starting to understand what it means to love other people. This is what Jesus wants us to do. Merry Christmas, Joyce."



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## Wij lezen voor U

OM DE WAARHEID VAN  
HET OUDE TESTAMENT,  
door dr. M. J. Arntzen.

Uitgave Buyten en Schipper-  
heyn. Amsterdam, 1968 (28  
blz.)

In dit boekje van zeer beschei-  
den omvang zijn drie artikelen  
gebundeld die blijkbaar eerder ver-  
schenen in de Nederlandse perio-  
diek 'Woord en Wereld'; plus een  
Ingezonden Stuk in het dagblad  
Trouw van 5 Aug. 1967.

Dr. Arntzen, Gereformeerd pre-  
dikant te 's-Gravendeel, publiceert  
het eerste artikel naar aanlei-  
ding van het door prof. dr. J. L.  
Koole geschreven werk: 'Verhaal  
en Feit in het Oude Testament'  
(verschenen in de reeks: Cahiers  
voor de Gemeente). Naar zijn over-  
tuiging moet men wel de indruk  
krijgen, dat de schrijver van dit  
Cahier "aan heel veel van wat tot  
nu toe onder ons vaststond, twij-  
felt, of er op zulk een manier over  
spreekt, dat twijfel gewekt wordt."

Hij noemt als voorbeelden de  
"vage aanduidingen" die prof.  
Koole geeft inzake de historiciteit  
van de ark (van Noach), de hoge  
leeftijden van de oudvaders, de  
"volksverhalen" in de Bijbel, de  
sprekende ezelin van Bileam, etc.,  
en van al deze zaken constateert  
dr. Arntzen: "Misschien gelooft  
prof. Koole het nog wel, maar  
waarom dan die vormgeving, waar-  
mee men haast alle kanten op  
kan?"

Het tweede artikel behelst een  
wederwoord van prof. Koole.

Naar zijn overtuiging heeft dr.  
Arntzen zijn boek niet goed ge-  
lezen. Hij erkent de vraag gesteld  
te hebben of het niet moeilijk voor-  
stelbaar is, hoe alle dieren van de  
wereld plaats konden vinden in  
een ark van 150 meter lengte,  
maar hij had daarop laten volgen

"dat we zulke vragen niet mogen  
stellen." Hij erkent te hebben ge-  
schreven over "volksverhalen", die  
onder meer door hun bijzondere le-  
vendigheid getypeerd worden, in  
tegenstelling tot bijvoorbeeld de  
geslachtslijsten, die zonder enige  
opsmuk een aantal namen vastleg-  
gen; hij gebruikte voor die verha-  
len het woord "kleurrijk", maar  
dr. Arntzen legde dat uit als  
"kleurrijk gemaakt, dus mooier ge-  
maakt dan het was"; en prof.  
Koole vraagt: "Heb ik dat soms  
gezegd?"

Hij erkent te hebben geschreven  
over "profeten, die een ezelin ho-  
ren spreken en door een grote vis  
worden opgeslokt en weer aan land  
geworpen", en voegt eraan toe:  
"Dr. A. doet het voorkomen alsof  
deze wonderen door mij geloofhend  
worden."

Prof. Koole spreekt daarom van  
"een groot misverstand." Hij zegt  
de realiteit van de bijbels geschie-  
denis met alle klem te willen hand-  
haven, en zijn steunpunt en draag-  
vlak te willen vinden in het kate-  
chismus-antwoord op de vraag:  
"Waaruit weet jij dat? — Uit het  
heilig evangelie."

Inhakend op dat katechismus-  
antwoord citeert dr. Arntzen in  
het derde artikel opnieuw ant-  
woord 19 van de katechismus, en  
hij maakt de opmerking dat prof.  
Koole de term "evangelie" in dat  
antwoord in zijn boek aldus heeft  
uitgelegd: "Daarom richt het ge-  
loof zich niet zozeer op de histo-  
rische betrouwbaarheid van elke  
willekeurige bijbels mededeling."

En in verband daarmee verklaart  
hij, dat ondanks het antwoord van  
prof. Koole de mist niet is opge-  
trokken. Inderdaad heeft prof.  
Koole geschreven ten aanzien van  
de capaciteit van de ark: "Zulke  
vragen mogen we niet stellen",  
maar de reden hiervan werd door  
hem zo omschreven, dat "hier geen

gewone geschiedenis geschreven  
wordt." "Ten aanzien van Gen.  
1-11 kunnen we buitengewoon  
moeilijk van werkelijke geschied-  
beschrijving spreken."

Dr. Arntzen bespreekt op soort-  
gelijke wijze de term "kleurrijk"  
in het verband, waarin deze term  
gebruikt werd, en hij beklaagt zich  
over de wijze, waarop prof. Koole  
op zijn vragen geantwoord heeft.  
"Hier was," zo schrijft hij, "geen  
serieuze benadering van de bran-  
dende vragen, die er liggen."

Dit is de hoofdinhoud van dit  
klein geschrift.

Het is jammer dat het zo klein  
is, niet alleen van omvang, maar  
ook van inhoud: dit is van beide  
kanten zeker geen discussie in gro-  
te stijl.

Dat neemt niet weg dat de za-  
ken, door dr. Arntzen aan de orde  
gesteld, niet van buitengewoon  
groot belang zijn; maar ze hadden,  
naar het me voorkomt, in wat gro-  
tere kaders kunnen geplaatst zijn.

Wanneer prof. Runia (van Gee-  
long, Australië) hetzelfde werk van  
Koole (en ook het tweede Cahier  
voor de Gemeente, van Baarda)  
bespreekt, in het Sept. no. 1967 van  
Trouw and Sword, plaatst hij de  
beschouwingen van deze auteurs in  
zulke grote kaders. Hij spreekt in  
de eerste plaats van de toepassing  
van een inductieve methode, in te-  
genstelling met de tot dusver gang-  
bare deductieve methode; populair  
gezegd bedoelt hij daarmee dit,  
dat tot dusver de inspiratie van  
de Schrift altijd vooropging als een  
onomstotelijk uitgangspunt, en dat  
ze nu achteraan komt en in het ge-  
drang komt, terwijl de menselijke  
zijde van de Schrift alle nadruk  
krijgt. "Aard en omvang van de  
inspiratie", aldus prof. Runia,  
worden bepaald door de weten-  
schappelijke conclusies van de ge-  
leerde". Hij spreekt in de tweede  
plaats van de toepassing van de  
vormhistorische methode, die op  
het spoor tracht te komen van de  
mondelinge overlevering vooraf-

gaande aan de schriftelijke opteke-  
ning, en aanvaardt dat de spraak-  
makende gemeente veranderingen  
en toevoegingen aanbracht in het  
originele feitenmateriaal. Prof.  
Runia noemt dit een speculatieve  
en gevaarlijke methode.  
In de derde plaats hebben beide  
auteurs, naar het oordeel van prof.  
Runia, de gedachte van de onfeil-  
baarheid van de H. Schrift losge-  
laten, zoals deze door de hele  
Christelijke Kerk tot op het laatst

van de 17de eeuw, toen de Schrift-  
kritiek zich aankondigde, geleerd  
werd.

Het is in elk geval duidelijk,  
zowel in de beschouwingen van dr.  
Arntzen als in die van prof. Runia,  
dat de door dr. Arntzen te berde  
gebrachte bezwaren moeilijk kun-  
nen worden afgewimpeld met de  
opmerking: "U hebt me niet goed  
gelezen."

L. Praamsma.

## TO EVANGELINE . . . WITH LOVE

Remember her birth announce-  
ment by Rev. R. Praamsma? O,  
we had been expecting her for a  
long time, but now she is already  
more than half a year old. She is  
beautiful and very loving! I know  
this because I have seen her. I  
can not help loving her because  
I care for her. Her innocent spark-  
ling eyes had a message for me,  
which I like to pass on to you.  
Tell them about me and tell them  
I need them, I seemed to read.  
Evangeline is very, very poor ma-  
terially, but yet she is so rich,  
because many other foster mothers  
like me I love her dearly also. In  
fact over 80 of those guiding fos-  
ter mothers have covered that part  
of her happiness in a tremendous  
way. Nothing is really too much  
for Evangeline, you know. Every  
week they prepare to serve her.

They leave their understanding  
families behind for a few hours,  
who already understand and know  
how tender our foster child ac-  
tually is and how much Evangeline  
depends on her love. You see, they  
already knew of the happiness in  
Jesus, the Saviour and that's why  
they're glad to share their wife  
and mother with those children who  
yet need to know about Jesus and  
His love for children.

Soon we hope to celebrate Chris-  
mas, the first official Christmas  
celebration with Evangeline.

No, she does not yet understand,  
what Jesus arrival on earth means  
for our salvation, but I do, and  
that is why I put her name on my  
Christmas shopping list. She has a  
precious place in our hearts, so  
we could not help but send a gift  
to the Youth Evangelism Society,  
Box 294, Oshawa, Ont. It goes to  
Evangeline with much love, and  
the hope that it will ease her pain-  
fully poor financial circumstances.  
Her fulltime nursemaid (fieldwork-  
er) was appointed and hopes to  
start her work in January, 1969.  
I know by experience that her love  
for Evangeline is warm and real.

It hurts to think that she can  
not live on love alone! She needs  
material things also (in the form  
of text books, etc.) and she needs  
it badly. She does not mind to live  
poorly, but this day and age re-  
quires a certain standard.

I am sure by now you have got-  
ten the message: Evangeline is  
the Youth Evangelism Society,  
which carries under her wings all  
the work of evangelism among  
Sunflower (and Compass) club

members (non-churched girls and  
boys).

Much work is done voluntarily  
by ambitious ladies and gentle-  
men, who are possessed by Him  
to pass the message of their  
Maker. Most of those people work  
locally, some work a bit more  
abroad.

One more word about Evange-  
line. She needs you too, because she  
is yet so weak at her tender age.  
Let her in your heart, the results  
will be a wealth of happiness. Al-  
low yourself to have a very close  
look at her. Include her in your  
prayer and put her on your Christ-  
mas list, it will be much worth  
your while.

If the Lord will add His bless-  
ing, there will be a unspeakable  
reward.

Did you too just see her beau-  
tiful smile? This year share your  
Christmas with Evangeline. She  
wishes you a blessed Christmas  
and a happy New Year.

Jean Zomer

The first fifty years you work  
to get wealth and lose your health  
in doing it. The last fifty years  
you lose your wealth trying to  
gain your health.

—William Jennings Bryan

## GEEN KANS MEER

op genezing, meent U? Dan ver-  
gist U zich. Wij leveren mengsels  
geneeskruiden voor alle chron.  
ziekten, waarmee wij reeds 43 ja-  
ren ongeloflijk mooie resultaten  
oogsten. Talloos velen, die nergens  
baat vonden en opgegeven waren,  
danken hun genezing aan onze  
Florakruiden. Gegarandeerd gift-  
vrij. Grijpt deze kans en meldt  
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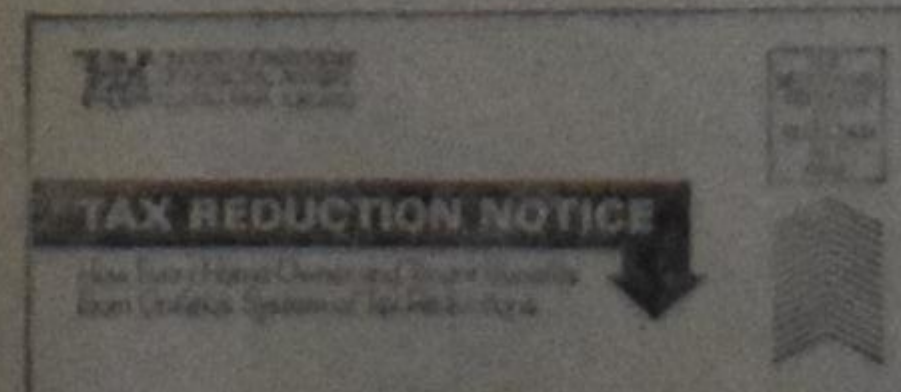
Practisch alle huiseigenaren en huurders in Ontario hebben dit jaar recht op een  
voordeel, gebaseerd op een verlaging van de belasting op voor bewoning bestemd  
onroerende goederen.

Huurders van alle in aanmerking komende flatgebouwen en huizen dienen de  
hun toekomende vergoeding op grond van belastingverlaging te ontvangen voor  
of uiterlijk op 31 december 1968.

De huiseigenaar heeft de verlaging in bedoelde belasting ontvangen van de  
gemeentekas. Hij zelf of zijn vertegenwoordiger is ingevolge de wet verplicht  
om het volle bedrag van deze verlaging door te betalen aan die huurder(s) die  
daarvoor in aanmerking komt (komen) en tot het bedrag waarop deze recht  
heeft (hebben).

Een huurder die in de loop van het jaar is verhuisd, dient zijn vorige huis-  
baas in kennis te stellen van zijn nieuwe adres.

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# A CHRISTMAS STORY

by Ineke Parlevliet

## Mount Carmel

Wendy Powell closed the door of the Director's room quietly behind her and walked slowly to her desk. Automatically, she took a file from the top of the pile in front of her and opened it. But she didn't read or write in it. Instead she gazed downwards, with her head supported by her hands. She felt defeated and worried and her attitude must have shown it, for presently she heard Robert's voice saying:

"Trouble, Wenn?"

Wendy looked up. She liked Robert. He was at least ten years older than she was and had been a social worker at the Agency several years before she came. He was more experienced and above all very helpful to co-workers as well as clients.

"It's the Thompson case," Wendy sighed. "Miss Patterson feels the children should be placed as soon as possible. She hopes that for the two youngest ones we may find an adoption home, even if the Department has to advertise them by means of the newspapers and they may be placed hundreds of miles away. Adoption, of course, is impossible for the older three. We have to find a more or less permanent foster home for them, regardless where. That won't be easy either, but after all we have a big province to hunt in!" It sounded cynical.

Robert nodded thoughtfully. "I see you problem: worried about Timothy, aren't you?"

"Worried stiff . . . I don't know what he will do when these plans go through, or when I tell him about it. It will break his heart. His brothers and sisters are all that he has. In a normal case this would be very hard on an older child, but now it is hundreds of times worse."

"No chance to find a home for them at all somewhere?"

"No. Not a ghost of a chance. I've tried everywhere. For months I have been searching for such a home. But it's out. Out! It's hard to find a home for an Indian child, even harder for a school-age child, but to find one home for five neglected, abandoned, Indian children from three till fifteen is completely out of the picture. Neither an adoption home, nor a foster home. We had better face it. Or rather, I had better face it: Miss Patterson is right; I really can't blame her. The longer we keep the two little ones in those foster homes, the less chance we'll have to find adoptive parents for them. The older they are, the more difficult it is. Besides, Mary and Brian can't stay in the shelter forever either. Timothy himself doesn't seem too happy in his foster home. Of course he isn't; misses the rest. But at least he can see them regularly now. When Darleen and Kevin are adopted — in case they ever will be — he will never see them again — won't even know where they are. And when the other two are living in some foster home I don't know how far away, chances are slim that he will see them more than once a year or less. It's a mess, Robert. A big mess. I really don't know where to turn to anymore. By now, not only the whole city, but the whole county must know that I'm trying to find a home for five Indian kids. Of course, I've been silly and very unrealistic when I told Miss Patterson that the only solution for the children and for Timothy, in particular, was to place them all in one home. In theory, a very lofty idea. In reality, a ridiculous enterprise. Miss Patterson warned me, but she was generous enough

to give me a chance. "Go ahead," she said, "I appreciate your interest in the Thompson children, but keep in mind that Indian children are extremely hard to place, and even if people would be willing to give them a home, they often can't because of lack of room and facilities. Even if we continued to pay for their care on a foster rate basis, which couple would be able to cope with five more children who have been through so much misery that this has rubbed off on their personalities and character?"

"She was right. I've been a romantic idealist, building castles in air, but not living with two feet firmly planted on the ground. At times like this I start to wonder whether or not I chose the right profession. I love the work, but I'm just not good at it . . ."

Robert put a hand on her shoulder. "Cheer up, Wenn! We all go through dark valleys with our work at times, but that doesn't mean that we are in the wrong job. A social worker with a whole series of degrees behind her name wouldn't have been able to succeed either. We weren't. We all did our best to help you find your home. The whole staff. But as you say, it's just not possible. There are things in our work, too, which we have to accept, whether we like it or not. This is one of those things."

Wendy shook her head. "That's just it, Robert. I can't. I've tried, honestly, I've tried. But I can't accept this defeat. When I see Timothy's face, the unasked question in his eyes every time I see him, the hurt when I have nothing to tell him, I know that for this boy it's a matter of life and death to be with his sisters and brothers. If they are permanently separated

from each other, Timothy's life will be over, even if he will live till his nineties. This is a drastic statement, I know. Yet I mean it. Since he was six years old he has been taking care of the ones under him, when his parents were on a drinking bout and left them to their fate. It was he who warmed the bottles for the babies, changed the diapers, did the washing, tucked them in their beds, comforted them when they were hurt or sad or cold or without food or afraid. He's scared to death of thunder, Mary told me, but when there was a bad storm he would take all the kids with him on the couch and tell them stories. He's been a better and more understanding parent than many real ones. Timothy is an exceptional boy. If we, too, turn our backs on him, he will be lost. He counts on me to find a home for them all. I've never said that I could, only that I would do my utmost. But that doesn't make any difference to him. He takes it for promise that I will . . . Now I'll have to let him down, too. And I can't do it . . ."

"You've done what you could. Don't feel guilty, Wenn. These things are beyond our power to solve. Life is like this. Often it is a mess indeed and we can only be happy that one day it will end and a perfect world will start for those who believe. Keep on praying for Timothy. I'll do it, too."

"Good fellow, Robert," Wendy thought when he had gone back to his own desk. "Too bad Miss Patterson can't stand him. She must have something against ministers, and how she ever found out that Robert not only prayed for his clients, but sometimes with them, too, I don't know." But one day Wendy overheard Miss Patterson say to Robert: "This is a neutral agency, Robert, which not only means that we try to help all people, regardless of their faith, but it also means that we work on a scientific basis and not on a religious one. Religion is for the church and home, but should be kept out of public service agencies."

Wendy had never asked Robert about this episode, but she knew that he must have been hurt and that he wouldn't obey Miss Patterson in this respect. One of these days Robert would leave anyway! He was a minister of faith, but his congregation was so small that he had to take a full-time job to support his family. For years he had been hoping to be appointed to a congregation which would be large enough to pay him enough salary to keep his family. He was a minister in word and deed. "We all will miss him, when he leaves," Wendy thought, "even the ones who don't share his viewpoints at all. Even Miss Patterson may come to realize what a good worker he has been."

Wendy looked at her watch: almost twelve o'clock. Timothy would come home from school at lunch time. She had better call him right away and make an appointment to see him. It was no use to put it off. Miss Patterson had told her to take action without delay. So she had better get it over with . . .

That same afternoon Wendy picked Timothy up at school after

his class was dismissed and took him for a ride. She didn't want to talk to him in his foster home. Even if Mrs. Dawson let them alone in the room, she would not be able to suppress her curiosity and try to listen in through a door ajar. She was an excellent foster mother for small children, but lacked the insight to deal with children like Timothy. Yet the Dawsons had been the only ones who finally had agreed to take Timothy in. To find an understanding and affectionate home for a teenager was like finding a needle in a haystack. Timothy, with his Indian background, withdrawn moods and brooding expressions, couldn't even be compared with a needle, but only with the point of it.

Wendy had parked the car on the almost empty parking lot of a church. She had not told Timothy by phone why she wanted to see him, afraid that she would upset him. During the drive, and even before, she had tried to formulate an opening sentence, but the one after the other she had dismissed as being not suitable. Now she fumbled for the right words and failed again.

It was Timothy who finally came to the point. He looked at her with searching eyes. "You don't have good news for me," he said. "I can see it. What is it?"

Wendy took a deep breath. "You are right, Tim. The news I bring is . . . is disappointing. I'd hoped to be able to find a home for you all, but it's impossible. It's no use to shy away from the truth any longer. The people just don't have the room . . ." It sounded lame and Wendy knew it was.

"You mean to say they don't want us . . . because we are not white . . ."

"That's part of the trouble, too, but not the only one." Wendy couldn't lie to him. "I've told you all the difficulties involved."

"Yes." For several minutes it was quiet in the car, except for the soft humming of the motor. She had left the heat on, since the weather was cold and snowy.

It was Timothy again who spoke first. "And what will be done with us now?"

What will be done with us now . . . As if they are a bunch of newborn kittens, which no one wanted. You could drown them or shoot them. The means were different, but the outcome the same.

"We have to place you all perhaps in different homes. Mary and Brian can't stay in the shelter. That's only a temporary place for emergencies as you know. And they have been there already for more than four months. We might be able to find a home for them in another county. For Darleen and Kevin, we would like to find an adoption home. We could have their pictures in the papers; I'm sure there must be nice parents who would love to adopt them . . ."

Timothy didn't look at her. His dark eyes were like two burning coals and his lips were pressed together in one sharp, thin, red line. His blue-black hair fell in strands over his forehead and his high cheek-bones seemed more pronounced than at other times. The expression on his face was bitterness mingled with anger and heartache.

"Bring me to the Dawsons," he ordered, refusing to use the word home.

"Tim, I know how you feel," Wendy said softly. "I feel very bad about it. Don't be so desperate; perhaps we may find a good home for each one of you and even if you can't be together, you still can be happy perhaps . . ."

"It's a lie, a big lie," Wendy told herself. "How can I even convince him that this is true, while I know myself that it never will be true! It's very mean to say this to him. It has no value. Just words — words; empty as fragile shells on the seashore. One touch and they would be crushed under your sole."

"I told you to bring me back." It seemed like a menace.

For one brief moment Timothy turned his face to her. "Bring me back and don't ever dare to come near me again!" His voice had authority and determination and didn't seem to belong to the boyish figure sitting up straight in the seat next to her. Behind Wendy's eyes doomed up a picture of the people of his race: strong, courageous, aggressive, not taking defeat for an easy answer. Her hands clasped the wheel.

"All right," she said softly. "I'll bring you back . . ."

During the drive she tried to start a conversation about something else, but soon she gave up. Timothy wasn't listening. He wasn't interested; not in her, or in what she had to say. As far as he was concerned she didn't exist anymore. The bridge which she had so carefully built between them proved to be nothing else but a loose piece of board, pushed aside as a useless thing by the first obstacle in its way.

When she dropped him off at the Dawson's Timothy jumped out of the car, leaving the door wide open and disappeared into the house without even saying goodbye. For a moment Wendy hesitated. She had to tell Mrs. Dawson a little about what had happened, but she hated to go into the house and discuss this while Timothy was around. "I had better give a call from the office," she thought. So she did.

"Timothy went straight to the room which he shares with our Bill," Mrs. Dawson said. "To do his homework," he said. I'll try to keep an eye on him," she promised. "He's a very quiet boy and I doubt whether he will talk to me about it."

Wendy knew he wouldn't. When she went home shortly after, she felt terribly depressed. She had been looking forward to this night in which she had hoped to write some letters and play some nice records which she had borrowed from the library, while she would have pizza pie for supper. But when she came home she wasn't hungry. She made herself a cup of coffee and smoked a cigaret which she seldom did. She felt exhausted, and without interest she tidied her little apartment, not knowing what to do else with a long evening ahead of her. She couldn't go to bed at seven o'clock; besides she wouldn't sleep anyway. It was easy for outsiders to say that you should not take the troubles connected with your work, home. But she was not able to push them aside as a discarded coat which didn't fit anymore. The mind is not a light-switch which you can turn on and off according to your wishes. Suddenly she felt like going out, to breathe the cold winter air, to let the wind blow through her hair and feel the snow crunch under her feet. Perhaps then she would be able to think. Here in this stuffy, overheated apartment she was suffocating.

How long she had walked, Wendy didn't know. But the town limits lay far behind her and she had come at an open stretch of field, unsheltered against the hard, cold wind. The unpaved road was stiffly frozen and she had difficulty to walk on the rough, snowy path between some car tracks. The sky was lead grey and promised more snow. "If this weather keeps up, we'll have a perfect setting for Christmas," she thought bitterly. The setting will be all right, but the rest . . . if she ever had been far away from the Christmas spirit, it was now. God was Love and because He so much loved the world, He gave His only Son. She had known this text by heart since young childhood and had taken its

(Continued on next page)

### A Merry Christmas

and a

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# Mount Carmel

(Continued)

meaning for granted. Of course God was Love. These few words were spoon-fed to her and she had never questioned their truth. But since she had started to work for the Agency and had seen more misery in one month than ever before in her whole life, questions kept on entering her mind for which she had no answer. Especially the Thompson case had made her really wonder if God indeed troubled Himself about the suffering of His creatures. She had prayed for the Thompson children, pleaded God to help her to find a home for them, day after day and week after week. But God just didn't seem interested in the case . . .

Wendy stood still. Her hands were hard fists in the pocket of her coat. She looked up to the dull, low sky. "You said, 'Let the children come unto Me!'" she shouted. "You said that You were a Father for the widows and orphans, You said, 'Knock and I will open you' . . . But You don't do it, God! You don't open! You don't want Timothy and the rest either. You don't show that You are his father. Words, just words . . . Why don't You help? I did what I could, but I don't know what to do anymore. I'm stuck. Completely stuck. Only You can help. Do it then, God. Take over, take over . . . give them a home, please God, please . . ."

She was crying now, but it relieved her to cry out her frustrations and worries. Her shouts had become sobs, from deep down in her heart and the wind carried them on her wings over the desolate fields.

It was far past ten when she finally returned home and while she was taking off her coat, she heard the phone ring. Immediately she felt tense with alarm. It's about Timothy, she knew. She was right. It was Mrs. Dawson.

"I'm glad I've got you finally," she said with reproach. "I've called you at least ten times. Mrs. Patterson isn't home either and I really didn't know what to do."

"Please, Mrs. Dawson, tell me what happened," Wendy asked, with her heart throbbing in her throat.

"It's about Timothy. He ran away. He complained of a headache and went to bed around seven-thirty. Of course I believed him after what you had told me. About half an hour later I thought I better see how he's making out, but he wasn't in bed and he's nowhere. His heavy coat is gone, so he must have run away."

Wendy sighed with relief. It could've been worse, ten times worse . . . But a sudden thought struck her. It didn't mean a thing. He still could do something to himself being outside . . . Even better. A new fear seized her.

"Did you call the police?"

"Not right away . . . I first called you and Miss Patterson, but then I got so worried and I phoned my husband at work — he has late shift — and he told me to contact the police. So I did. That was about an hour ago. I gave them Timothy's description . . ."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Dawson. You did the right thing. I'll call the police and keep you informed. If you hear any news, don't call me but the police office. I'd better look for him, too."

The police had no further news yet. "Any idea where he could've gone to?" the officer asked Wendy.

"The only reasonable thing for him to do would be to go back to the Indian reservation. That's where he and his family lived before they came in our care about four, five months ago. I know quite a few people over there and I'll drive down myself. It's more than fifteen miles. He can't be there yet though, unless he hitchhiked. I'll call you in about half an hour or so again."

And so Wendy started her search, driving slowly, looking carefully at both sides of the road as soon as the city lay behind her. Several roads were leading to the reservation and it was just a guess that Timothy would have taken this one and not the main highway. No sign of Timothy. When she saw a phone booth at a closed service station, she called the police office. No

news, except that more patrolmen had been ordered to be on the watch out. With her hands tightly around the wheel, her eyes prying into the darkness, she only knew to say the same sentence over and over again. "God, don't let anything happen to him . . . don't let anything happen to him . . ."

It was not far from the reservation when she saw three police cruisers parked at the road-side. She stopped the car and walked over. At the same moment she saw Timothy, held at each arm by a policeman as if he were a dangerous criminal. One look at his face made Wendy realize that he was wild with rage. "Oh, Timothy," she said, "I'm so glad they found you!"

Timothy struggled to get loose and when he was unable to do so, he spit at Wendy with all the force he had, his face twisted ugly.

"Get away! I don't want to see you! Don't come looking for me . . . It's all your fault . . . You were going to get us a home. But you didn't. You don't care either. Nobody does! Get away, let me go!" He started to kick and curse and used abusive language which she had never heard him do before.

"Come on, son," one of the officers said sternly. "That's no language to use in front of a lady. Get in that car!"

But Wendy prevented it. "No," she said. "Let him. Let him blow off steam. He has a right to do that . . . We weren't able to help him. I'd hoped to, but it didn't work. Please, try to understand him. He's a great boy. He's just not himself now." She walked up to Timothy.

"Tim, give me the chance to say a few words. I do care, Tim, about all of you. You have to believe that. I understand how upset you are, how you must feel. Be a man, Tim, calm down and go home . . . to the Dawsons. Behave like you have done before, responsibly. You get your home, I promise. All five of you."

Timothy's eyes pierced in hers. His mouth was set and his voice hard: "I don't believe you. You told me this same afternoon that you couldn't find one."

"True. I can't find one. I've given up. But God can. And He will."

"God?"

"Yes, God. I told you before to pray to Him. You just keep on praying."

"When does He find us a home? Ten years from now? The face had lost some of its aggressiveness and the policemen had released their grip on him.

For a moment Wendy hesitated. "Before Christmas," she said. "Before Christmas."

There was dead silence for a full minute. The police officers looked at each other with raised eyebrows and shuffled with their feet over the hard frozen ground, not knowing what to think of the sudden change in the situation. But Wendy and Tim understood each other.

"You can bring me to the Dawsons, if you want," Timothy said. "I'll go . . . but no longer than ten more days."

"That's a deal, Tim."

"All right."

When they had left, Wendy remained standing outside. "I've said it, God. I never planned this, it didn't even enter my mind until the words escaped me. It's no more my case now, God, but Yours. I've got to tell Miss Patterson about it. She won't like it, but I'll tell her. That's all I'll do. You have to take care of the rest. You've promised to help. It's in Your Bible. My promises can fail. Your promises are certain. I said "before Christmas", because it doesn't make any difference for You whether You help now or ten days from now. A thousand years are for You just as one day. Time is important for us, but not for You. Before Christmas, God. That's the deal. Not between Timothy and me, but between You and me. I count on You."

But when Wendy came home, she seemed to awake out of a trance. What have I said?, she thought in alarm. I must have been crazy. How did I dare to? How could I do it? I must have said it because I couldn't leave Tim to his fate . . . How can I ever keep my part of the deal . . .

"Your part of the deal is very

small, Wendy," a voice said within her. "All you have to do is to believe. If you had the faith of a mustard seed you could move mountains. What for people is impossible, is possible for God. Fear not. Stand firm. Believe."

That night Wendy read in her Bible as never before. It was the only source of help and strength she had, but it was enough. When she finally fell asleep in the small morning hours, she felt calm and assured. A great load had tumbled off her mind. God had taken it over. She slept peacefully.

Shortly after nine the next morning Wendy knocked at the door of Miss Patterson's room. When she had entered the room she knew that she had chosen the wrong time. One look at Miss Patterson's face told her that she had one of her migraine attacks. Wendy's heart fell. Things would get really tough now.

"Yes?" Miss Patterson's voice was far from encouraging.

"It's about the Thompson case, Miss Patterson. I . . . I would like to discuss a few things with you, but perhaps it's better if I came back another time."

"Is it an emergency or can it wait?"

"Well, that's hard to say. Last night Timothy ran away from his foster home. I thought you should know . . ."

"All right, then. Sit down. What happened?"

Wendy told the whole story up till the moment he had been found. "When I saw him surrounded by three policemen, Timothy was very upset. He was abusive, kicked and cursed and determined to play it rough. He refused at first to go back to the Dawsons . . ."

"Yes . . .?"

"Yes . . ."

Wendy drew with her hand little figures on the checks of her dress. Then she looked up and took a deep breath.

"I told him that before Christmas they all would have a permanent home together."

"You promised them a home? One for all five of them and before Christmas?" The voice was sharp and irritated.

"Yes, Miss Patterson."

"If I'm not too curious, would you please tell me, how you are going to keep your promise? Or did you say it to get Timothy home?"

"No. I meant it. I said that God would take care of it. I can't."

"God?"

Wendy nodded. "Yes, God," she said again.

Miss Patterson didn't answer. She got up from her chair, and walked to the window, with her back towards Wendy. After several minutes of deep and awkward silence, she turned around.

"I'm angry with you, Wendy. Angry and upset that you dare to make such a ridiculous promise. You, as well as I, know very well that God won't provide such a home. What more harm you've done to Timothy is hard to predict. But you can be sure that if there ever has been a chance to help this child, you now ruined that last chance, too. His confidence in you — and for that matter in our whole agency — will be completely destroyed and because of that nothing can be done anymore for him. You've acted irresponsibly. You are supposed to be a social worker, not some kind of magician with some funny tricks which won't work anyway."

Wendy blushed a deep red. She had known she would be attacked, yet it hurt.

"I said this to Timothy, because I believe what I promised."

"You mean to say that you are convinced that God will give a home to these children?"

This was the crucial question. She had anticipated it and feared to answer it. Did she really believe it, for the full one hundred percent? She bit her lips. God, please, she prayed, strengthen my little faith . . .

"Yes," she said slowly. "I am convinced. God cares. He gave His Son because He cares for us. When He does a great thing like that, I dare to trust that He takes care of Tim and his brothers and sisters, too. Because he prayed for it and so did I."

"I didn't know that there were more workers than one who prayed for their clients. Strange that I can't see any difference in the out-

come of their work and of that of the other workers." It was meant as an insult and tears sprang to Wendy's eyes.

"Perhaps we didn't pray enough . . .," she said, "or we prayed without faith . . ."

Suddenly Miss Patterson's attitude changed, and became protective as if she were dealing with a small child who had hurt himself.

"I believe that you are serious," she said, "and for that reason I should at least try to respect your feelings. Sorry that I have offended you. But nevertheless, Wendy, you are wrong. You talk and act like a child, who still believes in fairy tales and Santa Claus. It's cute when children believe in a make-believe world, but when grown-ups still do it, there is something wrong. You see, there is no God. Only fate. And sometimes goodluck. For the rest you have to do it all yourself."

Wendy shook her head. "God is not dead and He never will be."

"For me He's dead. For me He died on the 16th day of June, 1949. That was my wedding day. An hour before the church wedding my fiancé was killed when he crossed the street to pick up my wedding bouquet at the florist's. A car ran over him. The driver had been half asleep and lost control of his car."

"I'm sorry, Miss Patterson. Very sorry."

"Don't feel sorry. It's almost twenty years ago that Wayne was killed. Time heals. It was my own desire to make a career for myself instead of getting married to someone else later on. I'm independent and quite able to lead my own life. So it really doesn't matter that God is dead. I'll manage just as well without Him. My faith in His existence died the day Wayne died and never became alive again. The world we live in is a hard, selfish world in which we have to fight for our own. There's a lot of misery and evil for which we have no solution. We have to accept it with the good things. The one is luckier than the other. That's all. The Thompson children for example had no chance from the start. Red-skinned, neglected by their parents, poor background and gone through the mill. Who would want them? Fate is against them."

Wendy shook her head. "I don't believe that. I don't even believe that you believe this, Miss Patterson. How could you do this work if you have to deal with cases which are in many ways similar to the Thompsons. You care about them and in your heart you cannot accept that they are doomed from the start. Else you wouldn't even attempt to help them. You still believe that in spite of everything which seems against them, we have to plod on and we do. That's why we have files three inch thick. That's why you gave me a chance to find a home for the five Thompson children. Now all I ask you is to give God His chance."

Again Miss Patterson didn't answer right away. She rubbed her forehead, looking tired and weary. As usual she was immaculately dressed; she had style and taste. Her hair, dyed in its natural dark-

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blond colour never showed a grey spot. A carefully applied make-up emphasized the impression of energy and youthful vitality. But now she looked old, older than she possibly could be.

"It's too late to change things," she finally said. "What you have promised to Timothy, you have promised. We can wait another week before we start making other arrangements for these children. Let's give your God a chance. Let's see if He is still alive. When I was young I believed in Him. I came from a christian home, went to church, prayed and knew the Bible stories by heart. I remember how impressed I always was with the story of Elijah and the Baal priests on Mount Carmel. Let God prove Himself then again on our Mount Carmel. If a home for the Thompson children shows up before Christmas, I'll believe that God is behind it; that He cares. If there isn't a home, it means He's just as dead as I think He is."

Wendy got up. There was no more to say. The next word would be God's. Mount Carmel . . . How appropriate the comparison. But there was only one difference: She wasn't Elijah, but only an inexperienced social worker whose faith was smaller than the seed of mustard. But God would be the same. The issue at stake was finding no longer a home for five Indian children, but had now become much larger. God's honour was at stake and with it the soul of a bittered and disillusioned human being, Miss Patterson.

The days sped by. Wendy was busier than ever. Christmas ham-

pers, donated by citizens and private organizations and clubs, had to be divided among the many destitute families the agency was dealing with. A christmas party for all the foster children was scheduled for the Monday night before Christmas. Christmas presents had to be bought, candy, the rented hall had to be decorated with balloons and red and green tissue paper. The tree had to be done . . . A jolly Santa would be present plus an amateurish folk dance group which would sing and dance. Like other years not one word would refer to the real meaning of Christmas, the birth of the Saviour and for Wendy the christmas party would leave her again with a feeling of sadness. Once she had asked Miss Patterson if there couldn't be something on the program which told the children the happy tiding of Jesus' birth, but with a brusque "Religion is for the home and church" it was brushed aside.

Wendy didn't look anymore for a home for Timothy and his brothers and sisters. During her work she hardly thought about it, but as soon as she drove home it was the only thought in her mind. At times she felt sure that God would help, but when the days passed by and no miracle happened, she had to fight her doubts and prayed with new zeal. The week was over. Only the week-end was left and two working days, no, not even two, for the office would close at noon the day before Christmas. One and a half days left . . . It didn't seem much. In fact it didn't seem enough.

(Continued on page 10)



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voor een

Rijk Gezegend  
Kerstfeest

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# Mount Carmel

(Continued from page 9)

It was Sunday evening. Wendy had attended the evening service and now drove her little car into the direction of Willowford, where friends lived who had invited her for the rest of the night. It was snowing heavily when she came to Plackham Corner, she hesitated. She could keep on the highway and turn off later to Willowford, or she could turn off here, cross through the country and cut off at least eight miles. It was worth trying. If the country road was too bad, she could still turn around.

The fresh falling snow, covering the dirty snowbanks at the side with a sparkling white layer, made it rather difficult to drive, but Wendy didn't give up easily. Slowly she went on, sometimes sliding from one side of the road to the other but it didn't matter. The road was deserted and only a few farmhouses were located along this route. Her mind wandered back to the Thompson case. Two more days . . .

Suddenly Wendy felt the car slip. She tried to steer the wheel, but it was useless. Even the brakes refused to obey. The next moment the car dove with its nose right into a deep snowbank at the other side of the road and Wendy knew she was stuck. Whatever she tried to get the car loose, was in vain. She looked around. In the distance she saw some lights of a house. Better get some help, she decided, half angry with herself that she had been so foolish as to take this country road.

It took her more than twenty minutes to reach the house. It loomed up big and inviting with lights burning all over. She knocked at the door and a man, dressed in a suit and white shirt opened it.

"Come in," he said, "the snow's blowing in, too. We better close this door before I get into trouble with my wife." But his kind, blue eyes were laughing.

"I'm on my way to Willowford and got stuck in the snow with my car," Wendy said. "I wonder whether I could use your shovel if you have one."

The man bellowed out a hearty laugh, and looked at the slender Wendy in her fur-trimmed coat.

"Digging out cars is no lady's work," he said, "you better go inside. I'm sure my wife has some hot coffee on the stove. Dave and I will take care of your car. We just came back from church. I've got to feed the cows yet and have to change anyway. Where's the car?"

"About fifteen minutes down from here . . ."

"All right." He pushed Wendy almost into the livingroom, where a woman was playing checkers with one of the children. A moment later Wendy was sitting at the big table with a cup of steaming coffee in front of her and Peggy, the family pet and cat on her lap.

"Time for bed, children," Mrs. Jefferson announced. "Finish your chocolate milk and upstairs!"

Obediently three of the four children in the room got up, cleared away their games, said goodnight to Wendy and left the room.

"I be up in five minutes to tuck you in," Mrs. Jefferson said.

Shortly after Mr. Jefferson came into the room, now changed into his work clothes.

"Dave and I will try to free the car," he said. "You like to come along, too, Peter?"

Peter, who was reading, looked up. "May as well," he said, closing his book.

When he was gone, Mrs. Jefferson said: "Peter is awfully shy. He never feels right away at home when we have company which he has never met before. That's why my husband asked him along. He's thirteen and Dave is fifteen. Our youngest is seven, that's Sharon, Bessie is nine and Ronald almost twelve. We just moved here three weeks ago. My husband bought this farm. It was always his big dream to have a farm of his own. It never seemed that it would happen and then he read in the paper about this one. It meant moving more than eighty miles from where we were living, leaving our friends

and relatives, but we feel we did the right thing. I don't know too many people yet and the children still have to make friends and get settled at school, but that will come. We had several visitors from our church already and now you!"

Wendy laughed. "I really didn't plan to visit you! But I was so foolish to turn off the highway to make a short cut. I wanted to spend the evening with friends in Willowford, but it's getting too late for that, I'm afraid. May I perhaps use your telephone to call them off?"

About half an hour later, Mr. Jefferson came in with the two boys. "Your car is waiting for you in the driveway," he said. "Nothing wrong with."

Wendy got up immediately. "Thank you very much! That's fast work, too! And thank you so much for the coffee, Mrs. Jefferson."

"Please, don't go yet!" Mrs. Jefferson said. "Since you called off your friends, why don't you spend some time with us. We love to have company and I'm glad to see another face after seeing only those of my family for a whole week!"

"Sure, sit down, Miss Powell. I never meant that you should go when I said that your car was waiting!" Mr. Jefferson said.

And so Wendy stayed. She felt very much at home in this family in which the atmosphere was so pleasant and warm. Although the home was simply furnished it was clean and cozy and reminded her of her parental home, where she spent so many happy years. She was looking forward to going there again for the Christmas days. Christmas. Two more days . . . Her face suddenly clouded. Timothy. The deal . . .

"You live around here, Miss Powell?"

"Yes, I do, that is I'm working at the children's agency in town, as a social worker. My parents live all the way in Broadwick. I hope to go home for Christmas."

Mrs. Jefferson looked at her husband, and then to Wendy. "You work at the Children's agency, you said? What a coincidence! You see, I've been planning to call the Agency . . . but since we just came here, I wasn't sure whether they would take our application. After all, nobody knows us here, yet."

"Application? For what, Mrs. Jefferson?" Wendy asked surprised. These people couldn't be planning to adopt a child with five of their own. What on earth did they want?

"Well . . . I'll better explain it to you," Mrs. Jefferson said. "We always used to have a few foster children living with us. We both love children and it doesn't make so much difference in a large family if there are two or three more mouths to be fed. For the past five years we had two teenagers living with us. Just before we moved they turned eighteen and were released from the care of the agency. We didn't want to move before that time. We just couldn't leave Tom and Walt in the care of another foster home. They had become a part of our family during all those years. Now they are on their own, but they write us regularly and they know that this will always remain their home when they have holidays or need help. It's strange to say, but we miss them. Especially for me the days here are so long. All the children take their lunches to school and Joe, my husband is quite busy with the farm, even now in winter-time. So much has to be fixed and painted . . . We would like to have some foster children again, if that would be possible. Older ones are very welcome, but a pre-school child to give me some company during the day we would love to have, too. Perhaps we sound very greedy . . . Do you know of any children who need a home?"

Wendy's heart was beating fast. It just couldn't be . . . She swallowed hard before she said:

"Yes, I do know children who are in desperate need of a home. There are five of them, ranging from three till fifteen. And they are Indians. Permanent wards of our agency, since their parents neglected and abused them terribly." Her voice quivered when she said the last words.

Mrs. and Mr. Jefferson looked

at each other and now it was Mr. Jefferson who spoke up:

"We could take five children, Miss Powell, if the agency would let us. We have the room. This house is awfully big. We are not in the financial position to adopt children, I'll be frank with you and the money paid to us as foster parents we do need to raise them. But we always wanted to give children a permanent home. Neither my wife nor I could take in a child temporarily. It would break our hearts to let it go again. Once we took in a lovely girl of four. She stayed little more than a year. Then she had to go back to her own mother. It was terribly hard for us to accept that. It's still for us as if we had lost one of our own children. When we moved down here and we bought this farm, we made sure first that there was plenty of room in the house for a large family. As my wife said, we were afraid that we had to wait a while before we could put our application in at your agency. We need references and things like that. But now you came to us, out of the clear blue sky, so to say. That's a hearing of our prayers. I don't know if you are a believer, Miss Powell, but we are and we prayed that God may give us the children which needed a home the most."

Wendy couldn't speak. Her throat was blocked by tears, which she tried to fight against. She shook her head as if she was still unable to grasp the meaning of Mr. Jefferson's words. Finally she managed to answer them.

"You really mean it? You want five Indian children . . . and keep them permanently?"

"We would love to, Miss Powell," Mrs. Jefferson said solemnly as if she pledged an oath.

Wendy sighed deeply. "It's fantastic . . . it's more than I ever dared to hope for . . ." and suddenly she cried, unable to control her emotions any longer. "I'll have to tell you a long story," she smiled through her tears, "I'm so happy . . ."

"You better have another cup of coffee first," Mrs. Jefferson said, "good thing I made a big pot!"

Then Wendy told her story. When she had finished, it remained quiet in the room for a long time. Then Mr. Jefferson cleared his throat and said:

"Let us praise God for His wondrous works." And together the three of them bowed their heads in a simple prayer, but it came straight from their hearts.

When Wendy made herself ready to leave she asked:

"Do you really think you can have them yet before Christmas, Mrs. Jefferson?"

Mrs. Jefferson smiled. "Of course," she said. "We need a few more beds and perhaps some blankets, but I'm sure that our church will help us out temporarily."

"Whatever you need, we can take care of," Wendy said, but Mrs. Jefferson shook her head.

"No, that is not necessary. There are always people who like to help but don't know how. They should have a chance too. That's why I

would rather contact our minister. He will tell me whom to ask."

"I would like to come back tomorrow with our Director," Wendy said. "In this case I feel it is very important that she gets acquainted with you before we place the children."

"Very well, Miss Powell. We're both home the whole day. Stop in whenever you like."

It was a very humble, but a very happy Wendy who waited anxiously at the office the next morning for Miss Patterson.

"I'd like to ask you to make a call with me this morning," Wendy said as soon as she was offered a chair. "We've got a home for all the Thompson children . . . a better home than we dreamed of. They can move in any time."

Miss Patterson looked at Wendy with unbelief in her eyes. "You better tell me all about it," she said cautiously. So Wendy started to relate her unexpected and unplanned visit to the Jeffersons. Miss Patterson didn't give any comment. Instead she called her secretary and asked her to cancel the two visits which she had scheduled for that morning.

"This is an emergency," she said, "I've got to make a call with Wendy." And to Wendy, "Let's go right away. Call Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson that we are on our way."

During the whole drive Miss Patterson didn't speak and Wendy realized that she needed time to digest the miracle. The visit at the Jeffersons was a pleasant one, as Wendy had expected. When they finally left and walked towards the car, Miss Patterson seemed deeply impressed by the personalities and attitude of the farmer and his wife. But it was not after they had arrived at the agency that she said to Wendy, "God has won. So He must be alive . . ." Yet Wendy couldn't tell whether Miss Patterson was happy about it or distressed.

That same night, just before Wendy wanted to call it a day — she had been very busy with the arrangements of the Thompson's children to move to their permanent foster home the next day — Miss Patterson came out of her office.

"You're late," she said "Everything arranged? What did Timothy say?"

Wendy smiled. "He just couldn't say anything. But I'll never forget his eyes. They were huge with wonder and happiness. It's the nicest Christmas present I'll ever get. I'm so happy myself. Tomorrow Janice and I will take the children to the Jeffersons. They will be received with open arms and warm hearts. It's just beautiful . . ."

"Yes, it is beautiful, Wendy. I need time to think about it . . . But I want to ask you a favour. I know it's already late and you won't have much time for preparation, but would you be willing to tell the Christmas story on the children's party tonight? I think that our foster children have a right to know that God is alive and gave His Son for all who believe, because He really does care . . ."

"It's no favour," Wendy replied, and Wendy looked at each other. "It's a great privilege. Thank you and they both smiled."

"Happy Christmas, Wendy," very much."

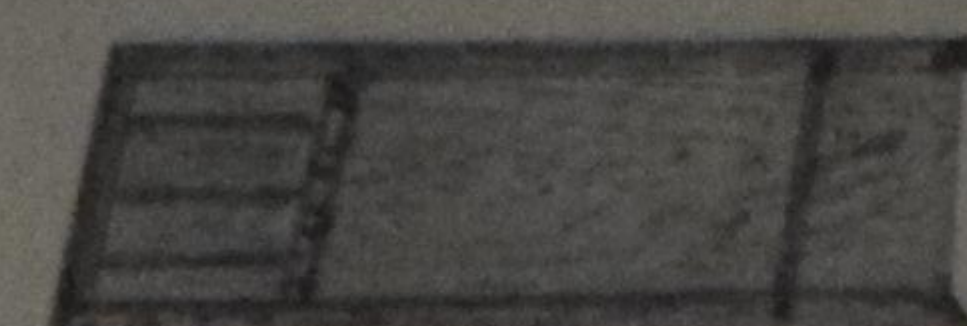
"Thank you, Wendy . . . for Miss Patterson whispered."

"Happy Christmas, Miss Patterson," Wendy answered. Then the party went on and the jolly Santa started to present the gifts. But somehow the noise and the excitement of the children was music in Wendy's ears and even the make-believe Santa Claus was no longer so offending. For the Christ-child was born, and He is Night, Holy Night, Miss Patterson very real.



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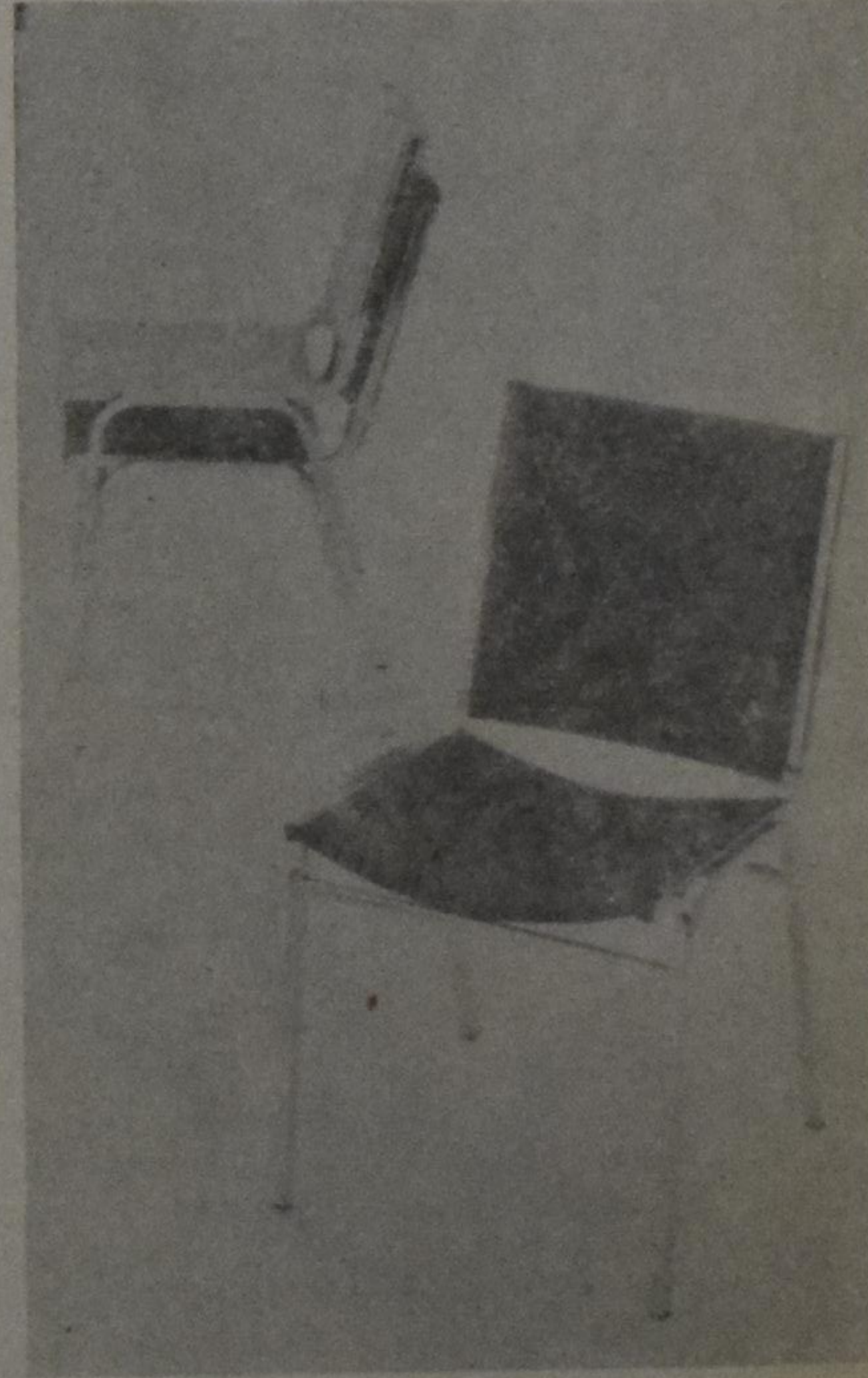
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## DE STENEN BRUID

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(26)

Ellewien vindt het niet vreemd, als ze met Marie in het ruime, lichte lokaal komt, waar de handwagens binnenrijden en de rekken worden afge- laden; waar wordt gespoeld en geschrobd en.... dan staat Teun voor haar.

Verwonderd ziet hij van haar naar Marie: "Zo, komt u hier de boel eens bekijken?"

Marie is Ellewien het antwoord voor. "Ja, dat doet ze net en als het haar bevalt, nou Teun, dan blijft ze. Of beter, dan blijf ik, want dan wil zij voor mij rijden."

Teuns lach davert door de ruimte. "Leuke mop!"

Ellewien weet niet hoe ze het heeft. In-serius is ze hier naar toe gekomen en nu die lach van Teun en dat smalende: "leuke mop."

"Zou je haar niet wat behoorlijker te woord staan, Teun?"

Tot z'n verbazing hoort hij, dat haar stem echt kwaad klinkt. "Ellewien meent het."

Teun voelt zich opeens wat schutterig tegenover Ellewien, die daar maar staat te zwijgen met dat strakke gezichtje. "Neem me niet kwalijk hoor, maar het overvalt me. Zoiets had ik nu allerminst kunnen denken. Maar eh.... toe Marie, gaan jullie vast naar boven, ik kom dadelijk."

En boven is de grote, wat rommelige, maar toch gezellige huiskamer, waarvan de brede ramen uitzien op de smalle straat met de grauwe huizen aan de overkant. De opgenomen vitrage is helder, met fijne kant erlangs. Er staan planten in de vensterbanken, bloemen op tafel en daar is ook moeder, groot en blozend als haar kinderen, bezig met verstelwerk. Nu pas denkt Ellewien voor het eerst aan de vader die ziek is, iets dat voor haar tot nu toe eigenlijk van geen belang was.

Als ze mee om de tafel zit, hoort ze dat hij een maagzweer heeft en om te beginnen zes weken moet blijven liggen.

"Het is echter niet zeker dat hij dan klaar is," zegt moeder Dankers. "Het kan best zijn, dat er dan nog een operatie op moet volgen. Maar ja, daar zullen we nog maar niet aan denken. De kans is er toch ook, dat het enkel met rust beter wordt."

Teun is de meisjes al gauw naar boven gevolgd. "Nu moeder, wat zegt u van onze nieuwe hulp? En dat wil achter het paard. Hoe Marie dat zo gauw heeft klaargespeeld, is mij een raadsel."

"Ik heb niets klaargespeeld, Ellewien is er zelf over begonnen. Denk maar niet, dat ik ook maar één ogenblik aan zoiets gedacht zou hebben."

Teun haalt z'n schouders op. Kijkt langs Marie naar Ellewien. Wat haalt zo'n kind in haar hoofd, denkt hij.

"Maar meisje," zegt moeder Dankers, niets wetend van de situatie waarin Ellewien verkeert, zou je zoiets wel gaan beginnen? Als je het nooit hebt gedaan, zal het je heus niet meevallen. En dan met de wagen er op uit, dat lijkt me eerlijk gezegd helemaal niets."

"O ja, mevrouw," komt Ellewien vlug, "dat wil ik juist graag."

Marie helpt mee. "Ze heeft zo pas al gereden, moeder, en het ging prima."

"Kun je dan zomaar van betrekking veranderen?" Het lijkt moeder Dankers toch nog maar vreemd.

Op dit ogenblik is het Ellewien of ze het weer zelf niet is die antwoordt: "Ik was daar niet gewoon in betrekking, eigenlijk zou ik daar toch al weg."

"Maar kun je dan met paarden omgaan, heb je dat wel meer gedaan?"

"O ja, mevrouw, bij m'n oom. Vaak genoeg."

"Ik zei toch al, dat ze zo fijn heeft gereden," valt Marie haar bij.

Moeder negeert dit.

"Je was dus al van plan van betrekking te veranderen, als ik het goed begrijp?"

"Nee...." zegt Ellewien. Hier in deze vreemde kamer heeft ze wéér zo sterk het gevoel dat het niet waar is, dat het opeens allemaal zal ophouden, dat ze nu wel weg kan gaan....

"En vinden je ouders dat dan wel goed?"

Ellewiens ogen verwijden zich. Haar tint wordt wat valer. Maar Teuns stem, kort en verbeteren, verbreekt de stilte. "Moeder, Ellewien heeft geen ouders meer. Ze heeft niets meer en niemand. Ze is evacué."

Teuns woorden behoeven geen verdere toelichting. In de vrolijke kamer hangt opnieuw, maar nu nog directer dan voor enige weken, de ontzetting van de ramp. Ellewien zit er als levenloos bij, maar over de tafel heen komen een paar sterke, wat ruwe, maar moederlijk-trouwe handen en die leggen zich op de hare. Ze bedekken ook de vinger met het witte randje. "Kind, als het zo is, laten we het dan proberen met elkaar."

Het bedrijf waar Teun nu de leiding van heeft, roept hem weer naar beneden. In hem is iets veranderd.

Nu is er niets van dat speelse in hem. Wat hij nu voelt is verdiept en als hij beneden komt en een van de knechts iets aan hem vraagt, weet hij zich verantwoordelijk. Het komt niet alleen door vaders plaats die hij nu inneemt. Boven is Ellewien. Het is hem of ze met dit komen zich onder zijn bescherming stelt en Teun weet dat hij met haar geen spel kan spelen.

Met de knechts gaat hij weer aan de slag. Het zwaarste tillen is voor hem. Hij moet z'n krachten meten. Z'n spieren spannen.

Maar boven zit Teuns moeder nog met Ellewien en zij heeft er geen rust over, als ze naar haar kijkt.

Uit het werkmandje heeft ze een breiwerk genomen en vlug flitsen de naalden tussen haar vingers. Ze heeft graag iets voor de grijp liggen, waar ze niet bij hoeft te tellen en waar ze rustig aan verder kan gaan als er zo eens iemand binnen komt lopen.

Vlug gaan haar ogen langs het werk. Ja, een vijf centimeter kan er nog wel bovenop.

En dan ziet ze weer naar Ellewien, die maar zo stil voor zich uit zit te staren.

Ik moet er toch wat meer van weten, denkt ze. "Was je hiervoor ook in een melkzaak?"

Ellewien schiet voluit in een lach.

"O nee! Ik mocht soms zomaar eens met m'n oom mee. In de vakantie. Ik was er altijd dol op, maar moeder vond het niet prettig. Zij was bang voor paarden." Ellewien kijkt voor zich uit, maar nu in het blijde verleden en de lacht wijkt niet van haar mond. Ze ziet heel het tafereel weer voor zich. De zonnige groene weiden, omringd door de binnendijken met hun dubbele rijen bomen. Ze hoort weer het hotsen en rammelen van oom Jans wagen

met de melkbussen, als ze over de grintweg naar het land reden, en ze ziet weer de koeien bijeen-gedreven op een drassig stukje land, onder de stekelige meidoorn.

"Ik heb vroeger ook wel gemoiken. Vroeger wat vaak. Ik vond het prachtig, als ik zo'n dikke straal melk uit de uiers kon toveren. En ik was er zo trots op! De laatste maal dat ik het nog eens een keer deed, kwamen er juist een paar kinderen van school voorbij. U had ze moeten horen. "Ha, juf melkt de koeien!" De volgende dag had de hele klas het er natuurlijk over."

De vrouw tegenover Ellewien laat haar breiwerk rusten.

"Maar.... zie je wel!" Ze leunt voorover op tafel en ze knippert tegen het late licht van de zon, dat teruggekaatst van een dakkapel aan de overkant, nu recht in haar ogen schijnt.

"Ik dacht het wel, meisje, dat dit geen werk voor je was. Je bent dus onderwijzeres?"

Ellewien zucht. Het is haar of ze ver terug moet gaan met haar gedachten. Dan zegt ze, of ze zo uit een diepe slaap komt: "Ja."

"Nou, maar wat wil je dan hier? Je moet dan toch weer naar school?"

Moeder Dankers is een vrouw van de praktijk, van de nuchtere werkelijkheid, maar ze denkt diep over de dingen na. Ellewien heeft een kleur gekregen. Ze voelt zich ontredderd. Of ze hier zit als een bedriegster. Het is ook moeilijk te verklaren waarom ze dit opeens wilde. Ze weet het ook niet. Ze weet niet, dat het alleen kwam door het schelle rammelgeluid van die melkbussen, dat haar deed denken aan de voorbij onbezorgde heerlijkheden van vroegere vakanties.

(Wordt vervolgd.)

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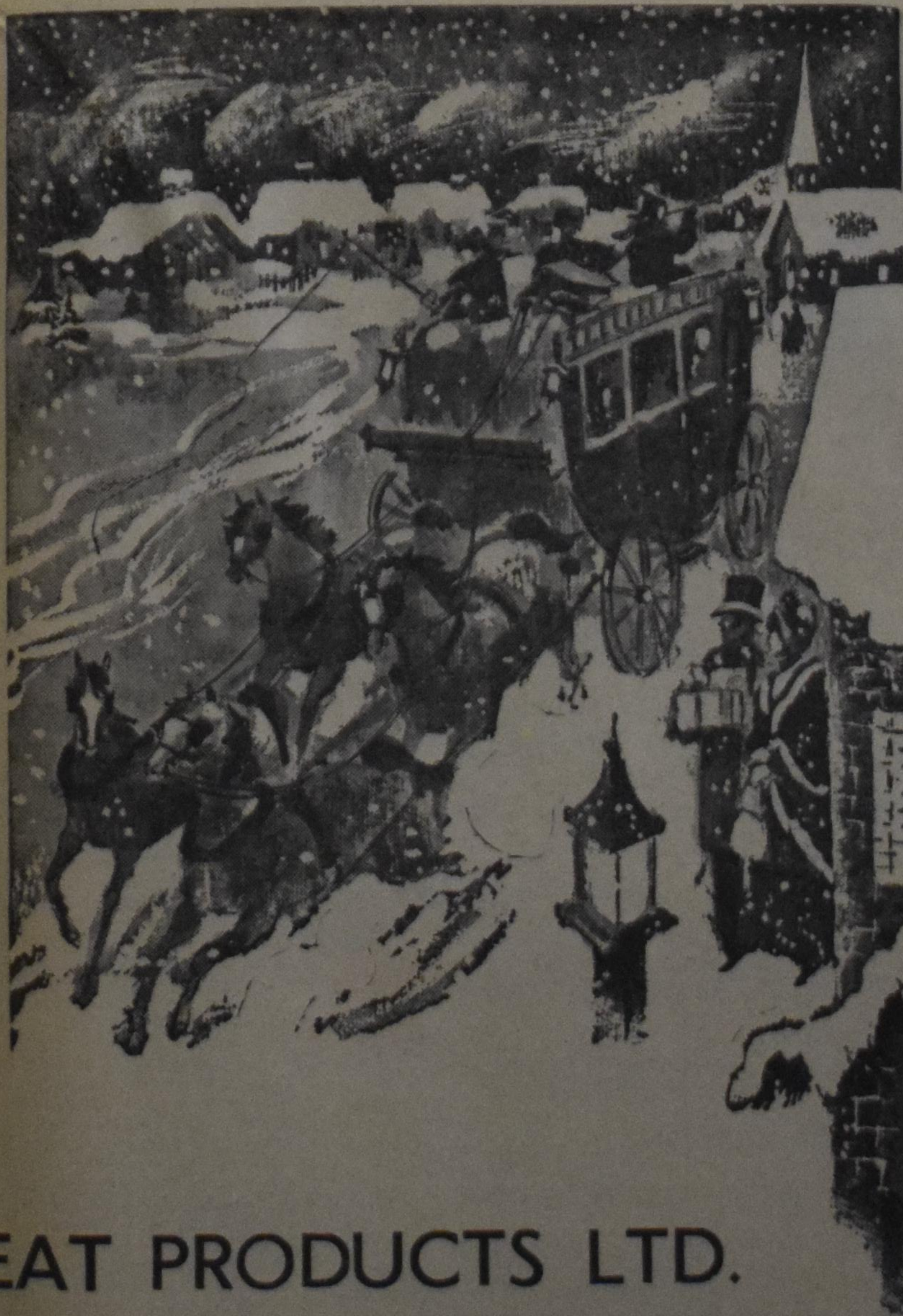
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Onlangs hield de Christelijke Emigratie Centrale te Amersfoort (Nederland) haar jaarvergadering, waarin de voorzitter, de heer P. C. Elfferich melding maakte van een lichte teruggang in het aanmeldingscijfer. In de eerste maanden van 1968 daalde het cijfer in vergelijking met een dienovereenkomstige periode in 1967 van 11,545 tot 11,223. In de belangstelling voor de diverse emigratielanden viel een belangrijke verschuiving op te merken. In de genoemde periode steeg het aantal aanmeldingen voor Australië van 2,731 tot 4,697. Dat voor Canada liep terug van 4894 tot 3616, dat voor Nieuw Zeeland van 680 tot 408 en dat voor Zuid-Afrika van 1784 tot 1227.

De heer John Kraay uit Canada, student in de wijsbegeerte aan de Vrije Universiteit, sprak over de christelijk-sociale actie hier te lande. Hij meende, dat er vandaag iets groots gebeurt. Het waren de na-oorlogse Canadese immigranten die daartoe de stoot gaven. Zij konden niet berusten in het alleen maar plaatsen van sociale kanttekeningen in de Canadese samenleving, die werkelijke verdeeldheid in feite niet duldte, ook niet naar geloof en ongelooft. De dogmatische tolerantie in Canada konden de van huis uit Nederlandse Calvinisten onmogelijk aanvaarden. Zij kwamen met hun christelijk-sociale actie, waarbij het hen gaat om kerstening, liberalisering en humanisering, hetzouden de heer Kraay. Hij pleitte met klem voor meer voorlichting over hetgeen aan de gang is, met name over de christelijk-sociale actie en over de maatschappelijke roeping van de christenen in de emigratielanden. (— Trouw)

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Luxuries but not culture.  
Amusements but not happiness.  
A church but not heaven.

—Ted Martsch



VAN  
ANDERE  
DRUKPERSSEN

## HEEFT ZENDING NOG ZIN?

Ik keer het om. Nee. Ik keer het niet om. Maar de bijbel keert het om.

Heeft uw en mijn leven nog zin? Heeft het nog zin dat wij hier waggelig van de weelde en dronken van de rijkdom schreeuwen om meer en de kollektes en de belasting verwensen, terwijl miljoenen verhongeren?

Heeft het voortbestaan van Europa nog zin met een NAVO- en een Warschau-pact, met een Amerika, waar Humphrey "flink doet" tegenover de negers en Nixon niet minder "flink" tegen de zg. vijanden van Amerika?

Deze waanzinnige wereld heeft die nog zin? Ja.

Waarom?

Vanwege de Zending.

Omdat de liefde van God nog niet op is, omdat God de wereld nog zoekt in onze Heer, Jezus Christus, en omdat die ons nog zendt.

Dat is het enige, waarom het toch zin heeft, dat we zo aanstonds gaan slapen om morgen weer fris te zijn en aan de slag te kunnen gaan.

Dat is het enige, waarom het toch zin heeft, dat de wereld verder draait.

En wie begrijpt dat dat in de bijbel staat, die heeft ook het antwoord op de vraag of ontwikkelingshulp niet belangrijker is vandaag dan de prediking van het evangelie.

Natuurlijk niet.

Het is zelfs volkomen onzinnig om van die twee een tegenstelling te maken.

Ik had pas een jongeman voor me zitten, een fijne vent.

Zending: nee, maar voor ontwikkelingshulp wil ik me wel beschikbaar stellen.

Goed bedoeld, maar hij wist toch echt niet wat hij zei.

Die hulp bij het tot ontwikkeling brengen van landen en volken, die dat nodig hebben — waarheen moet dat die mensen brengen?

In welke richting moet de ontwikkeling gaan?

Naar een rechtvaardige verdeling van de rijkdom?

Als de mensen maar rijk zijn, is het dan goed?

Is dat de vervulling van alle idealen?

Of als er maar recht is, is het dan klaar? En welk recht bedoelt u?

Of als er maar vrijheid is, is dan elke droom werkelijkheid geworden?

Vroeger zei men: dat is een utopie. Nu zeg je: Dan ben je helemaal nergens meer.

Dat betekent precies hetzelfde.

Vrijheid, vrede en gerechtigheid: goed, daar is ontwikkelingshulp voor nodig, daar moet de schop voor in de grond en de traktor moet grommen, de drukpers moet draaien en voor miljoenen kinderen moeten er scholen gebouwd en op honderdduizenden bij honderdduizenden nieuw ontgonnen hektaren moet voedsel worden geproduceerd.

Maar het zou toestanden scheppen vele malen erger dan nu in Vietnam of Biafra heersen — het zal militaire pacten ten gevolge hebben vele malen vreselijker dan

alle militaire pacten bij elkaar, die er nu zijn — het zal geen enkel probleem oplossen en alleen maar nieuwe en grotere problemen scheppen, als niet de daad van de hulp gepaard gaat met het woord van ons getuigenis aangaande die God, die Zijn Zoon gezonden heeft om de wereld te redden, de wereld, die zonder Gods zending zich zelf in haar problemen verteert.

Wij moeten voortaan staan in de strijd om de menselijke waardigheid en om een menswaardig bestaan.

Daar moeten we om schreeuwen en voor demonstreren, daarvoor moet ons geld op tafel en daarvoor moeten onze beste jongens en meisjes de rimboe in.

Natuurlijk.

Voor de bevrijding uit de slavernij en de uithanging van de honger — denkt u a.u.b. niet, dat die beelden op de t.v. van Biafra iets bijzonders zijn. Van Marokko tot Hongkong is er geen land, waar niet zulke schimmen van kinderen gefotografeerd kunnen worden — daarvoor moeten we in beweging komen — want God is er zo vóór in beweging gekomen, dat Hij er zijn Zoon voor gezonden heeft: opdat Zijn Rijk van Vrede de aarde vervullen zou.

Dat moeten de mensen weten: daar is de redding; daarvan moet de ontwikkelingshulp het teken zijn van dat Rijk.

Tien maanden geleden ben ik uit Indonesië teruggekomen na er bijna 17 jaar te hebben gewerkt.

De grond is er wel, maar er is geen spade.

De meester staat wel voor de klas, maar er is geen boekje.

De olie zit wel in de bodem, maar er komt niet half uit, wat er uitkomen kan.

De Universiteiten zijn er wel, maar geen professoren.

Heeft "Kom over de brug" maar een klein beetje geholpen?

Nee, veel heeft het geholpen.

Want met dat geld worden nu tekenen en wonderen gedaan.

Elk project dat ermee gefinancierd wordt, realiseert iets van de almachtige kracht van Gods liefde, die de wereld omzet.

Want deze ontwikkelingshulp wordt net zo verricht, als de Here Jezus zijn wonderen verrichtte.

Hij verkondigde er het Woord bij, en daardoor was duidelijk wat zijn wonderen onderscheidde van de wonderen van tovenaars en duivelbezwijders.

Het is één: het omploegen van de grond en het daarbij zeggen, dat de grond van God is, die de wereld zo lief gehad heeft.

Het is één: met een Braziliaanse of een Sumbanese verpleegster samen in één ziekenhuisje te werken en aan de patienten te zeggen, dat je het doet om Jezus' wil.

Het is één: met Indonesiërs samen de volgende politieke moordpartij te riskeren en samen te getuigen dat het kruis van Christus de enige redding is.

Heeft Zending nog zin?

Ja, het is het enige, waarom de wereld nog verder draait.

Hoe moet het vandaag?

Door midden in de levensstrijd van deze tijd te gaan staan en er in mee te vechten als getuige van Christus, samen met allen, die in vijf werkdagen van Hem zijn.

A. G. Honig.  
— Gereformeerd Weekblad.

# Mededeling aan Werkgevers & Werknemers

Om 12.01 v.m. op 1 Januari 1969 treedt de nieuwe ONTARIO ARBEIDS-VOORWAARDENWET in werking

De Nieuwe Arbeidsvoorwaarden Wet bevat minimum loontarieven voor overwerk, werk op vrije dagen en vakantiegeld; beschermt tegen te lange werktijden; verzekert gelijkstelling in beloning voor gelijksoortig werk voor mannen en vrouwen; schrijft hogere bedragen voor als minimumlonen.

Ontario's programma inzake arbeidslonen heeft de economische welvaart op het oog van de arbeidskrachten in de Provincie. De nieuwe Wet vernieuwt en verruimt de minimum loontarieven en arbeidsvoorwaarden ten einde de werkers te beschermen tegen uitbuiting en de werkgevers te beschermen tegen oneerlijke concurrentie gebaseerd op lagere lonen.



### werkuren

Het aantal werkuren van een werknemer zal niet meer bedragen dan 8 per dag en 48 per week. Onder bepaalde voorwaarden echter kan het departement vergunning geven tot overwerk. Werknemers wier taak bestaat in toezicht of leiding geven vallen buiten de bepalingen van deze Wet. Meisjes onder 18 jaar zullen per week niet meer dan 6 overuren mogen maken.

### loon overwerk

Speciale regelingen voor overwerk zijn vastgesteld voor de volgende industrieën en kunnen schriftelijk worden aangevraagd bij de Employment Standards Branch van het Department: Aanleg van Riool- en Waterleidingen, Locaal en Interlocaal Transport; Plaatselijk Vrachtvervoer; Toeristenbedrijven; Restaurant en Café-bedrijven; Verwerking van Fruit en Groenten; Taxibedrijven; Ambulances; Interlocaal Vrachtvervoer en Wegenaanleg Bedrijven.

### verplichte vrije dagen

Werknemers die een volle dagtaak vervullen en bepaalde groepen werknemers die een gedeeltelijke dagtaak vervullen, en die



werken op een verplichte vrije dag, moeten een minimumloon ontvangen van anderhalf maal hun normale loon. De vrije dagen zijn: Eerste Kerstdag, Nieuwjaar, Goede Vrijdag, Victoria Day, Dominion Day, Labour Day en Thanksgiving Day. Met toestemming van de Directeur kunnen vervangende vrije dagen worden gegeven.

### zelfde loon voor zelfde werk

Teneinde de in getslusterkte



toenemende groep vrouwelijke arbeidskrachten te beschermen, werden de in de Human Rights Code opgenomen bepalingen betreffende gelijke betaling voor hetzelfde soort werk straffer gemaakt en overgebracht naar de Employment Standards Act. Deze bepalingen verzekeren dat een vrouw die hetzelfde werk verricht als een man bij dezelfde onderneming recht heeft op dezelfde beloning. De vraag wat of 'hetzelfde' werk betekent moet worden beantwoord op grond van bekwaamheden, inspanning, verantwoordelijkheid en arbeidsvoorwaarden.

### NACHTPLOEG

Geen meisjes onder 18 jaar mogen in een onderneming werken tussen middernacht en 6 uur v.m.

Als een vrouw werkt in een ploeg die tussen 12 uur middernacht en 6 uur v.m. het werk begint of beëindigt, moet haar werkgever zorgen voor vervoer van haar huis naar het werk en omgekeerd.

### betaalde vakanties

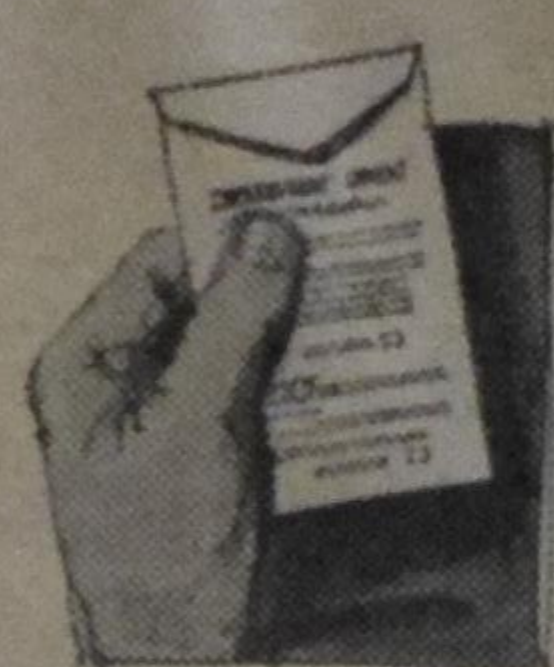
De Wet schrijft voor dat iedere werknemer een jaarlijkse betaalde vakantie zal genieten van minstens een week na een jaar in dienst te zijn geweest. Het vakantiegeld mag niet minder bedragen dan 2% van het totale loon, uitbetaald in het jaar dat deze vakantie wordt gegeven. Wanneer een werknemer werk verricht gedurende een periode van minder dan een jaar, dan is hij gerechtigd tot vakantiegeld tot een bedrag van 2% over het in die periode uitbetaalde loon. Na een dienstverband van drie jaar moet een betaalde vakantie van minstens twee weken worden gegeven en de betaling moet tenminste 4% van het jaarloon bedragen. Het zegelboekje in gebruik bij het bouwbedrijf inzake vakantiegelden, komt geleidelijk te vervallen tussen 1 januari 1970 en 30 juni 1970.

### bescherming thuiswerkers

Iedereen die thuiswerk verricht, zoals dit in de nieuwe Wet wordt gedefinieerd, wordt voortaan beschouwd als een werknemer en valt onder de bescherming van deze wetgeving.

Werkgevers moeten aan iedere werknemer een loonslip geven waarop het salaris en de aftrekposten zijn vermeld telkens wanneer loon wordt uitbetaald. Deze slip moet vermelden: periode waarover loon wordt betaald, loontarief, loonbedrag, alle aftrekposten met vermelding waarvoor, tegemoetkomingen en het aan de werknemer uitbetaalde nettobedrag. Aftrekposten omvatten zodanige als door de werknemer goedgekeurd, alsmede posten zoals Werkloosheidsverzekering, inkomstenbelasting, Canada Pension en Ondernemings Pensioenregeling en Ziekenhuiskostenverzekering.

### invordering onbetaald loon



Voortaan kan het departement niet-betaalde lonen ten behoeve van een werknemer invorderen met inbegrip van het verdiende loon, betaling voor overwerk en vakantiegeld, zulks tot een maximum van \$1,000. Vroeger kon looninvordering alleen geschieden tot een bedrag van het minimumloon.

### BEMERKING

Sommige takken van nijverheid in de provincie vallen onder de jurisdictie van het Federale Gouvernement, zoals banken, luchtvaartlijnen, spoorwegen, etc. Deze takken van nijverheid vallen onder de Canada Labour Standards Code en niet onder deze Wet. Indien U in twijfel verkeert onder welke wet U valt, bel dan de Employment Standards Branch (telefoon 365-5251) voor nadere inlichtingen.

Het bovenstaande is slechts een algemene samenvatting van de Wet. Voor meer specifieke inlichtingen met betrekking tot deze Wet en de bepalingen aangaande vergoedingen voor overwerk, uitzonderingen voor bepaalde beroepen, etc. gelieve men zich in verbinding te stellen met:

Employment Standards Branch  
74 Victoria Street  
Toronto 1A, Ontario

### Verhoging Minimum Lonen

	Loon thans:	Loon vanaf 1 Jan. 1969	Loon vanaf 1 Oct. 1969
Algemeen Minimum Loon	\$ 1.00/uur	\$ 1.30/uur	
Algemeen Loon Leerlingen (max. 4 mnd.)	.90/uur	1.20/uur	
Loon in het Bouwbedrijf	1.25/uur	1.55/uur	
Loon Studenten, Algemeen	.80/uur	1.00/uur	
Eerste Maand Zomer	.70/uur	.90/uur	
Hotels, Toeristenorden, Restaurants & Café's	1.00/uur	1.15/uur	\$ 1.30/uur
Leerlingen in deze Industrie (maximaal 1 maand)	.90/uur	1.00/uur	1.15/uur
(Aftrekbaar v. kost en inw.)	15.00/wk	17. /wk	
Taxi's — 35% van ontvangen geld of	.75/uur	1.15/uur	1.30/uur
Loopjongens & Schoonpoetsers	.60/uur	.90/uur	
Chauffeur en Assistent voor Ambulance		1.30/uur*	62.40/wk**

\* indien minder dan 48 werkuren per week

dien meer dan 48 uren gewerkt en daarvan geen nota wordt gehouden.

\*\* alg. minimum



Ontario Department of Labour

Hon. Dalton Bales, Q.C., Minister

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## FROM THE BOOKSHELF

A DEFENSE OF BIBLICAL INFALLIBILITY, by Clark H. Pincock.

This short publication (32 pages) appears in the International Library of Philosophy and Theology under the Biblical and Theological Series (paper), edited by Robert L. Reymond. In Canada this book is obtainable from Speelman's Bookhouse, Rexdale, Ont. We find a staunch defense of the traditional orthodox position on Biblical infallibility. The author stands in the fundamentalistic tradition of the old Princeton school of theology (the Hodges and Warfield). This tradition accounts for the rationalistic framework in which the "defense" of the Bible is being pursued. The tight logic of "Inspiration involves infallibility as an essential property, and infallibility in turn implies inerrancy (p. 1)" sets the stage for the defense. This theological method has the very real danger that theory of infallibility is being developed in isolation from the self-witness of Scripture. Such a theory, then, is later superimposed on Scripture and the subsequent appeal to Scripture to justify the theory becomes a mere quotation of certain "proof-texts" to prove what was already decided before, and, possibly, in isolation from the Scriptures. To give a concrete example of how the doctrine of infallibility can be developed in a basically rationalistic fashion I can refer to the editor's preface: "First, an inerrant, infallible autograph is the only view of the original Scriptures which accords with the nature of the God of Christian theism . . . Second, an inerrant, infallible autograph is the only sourcebook which can yield incontestable truth."

This rationalistic approach dictates a strong emphasis on the objective evidence in biblical revelation. Indeed, this emphasis brings Pincock to the dilemma of objectivism versus subjectivism. Opting for Scripture as solely objective and propositional truth he denies the subjective response as the biblical correlation of revelation. He defines "Scripture's essential function" as "conveying divine truth to the mind." (p. 5) It is because of such statements that Brunner in his book "Truth as Encounter" spoke of traditional orthodoxy (especially that of the scholastic type) as an "objectivistic misunderstanding of the Biblical message, (p. 77)." To say that Scripture's essential function is conveying divine truth to the mind is defining "divine truth" in greek philosophical terms (an abstract, static concept to be grasped by the "mind" as man's highest faculty), rather than let Scripture itself define "divine truth". It is my opinion that were this latter approach followed the author would not have been caught in this uneasy and unbiblical dilemma, this false antithesis of truth

It is to be hoped that our present discussion (also the one started in C.C. by Dr. Pietersma in his questions to Dr. Kistemaker) may have this honest desire to listen anew to the Scriptures. We need to be free from dilemmas in order to listen only to the voice of God's Word. The present book under review is too much on the defensive and apologetical in tone to help us much in this respect. Its merits are in the way it takes issue with the liberal, existentialistic (Bultmann) approach to Scripture. What we really need is guidance in letting Scripture speak freely in areas where we feel conflict and are tempted to flee to the false security of dilemmas. It is not against the Reformed faith to acknowledge (Prof. Dr. Zuidema) that our Scripture-faith is not devoid of many a Scripture-problem. To be truly reformed goes further than merely sustaining the classical dialogue on inspiration. To be truly reformed means a continual subjection of our theological

tradition under the judgment and reforming grace of God speaking in His Word.

Peter VanKatwyk.

☆

WITH BANDS OF LOVE, by David Allan Hubbard.

The contents of this little book are lessons from the book of Hosea. It is not a commentary on the message of Hosea, but consists rather of lessons on the main theological themes of these prophecies. Hosea is one of the most intriguing and colorful prophets of the Old Testament. We see God's holiness in a dynamic dialogue with His sinful people. This book succeeds in a relevant application of the ongoing struggle of grace in which our holy covenant God meets his adulterous people. Highly recommended for all serious bible students, especially those that are involved in the teaching ministry of the church.

Peter VanKatwyk.

## Federation of Christian Reformed Men's Societies

This Federation is planning to hold its 1969 convention in Lynden, Wash. This is some 20 miles from Vancouver. No doubt many men from the Pacific area will attend. Date of the convention is June 19 and 20.

In order to make it possible for our men from the East to attend as well, the Federation Board is looking into going by plane and going by train. By plane the trip will take from a Tuesday to Saturday; by train from a Monday to the following week Wednesday. The convention will be on a Thursday and Friday. For those who will stay over during the weekend, activities are planned for the Saturday. And of course there are also activities planned for the Ladies who will come along.

Delegates and visitors who plan to make a vacation out of attending the convention, will enjoy the train trip more than the plane trip. A few couples from the East have expressed their desire to

travel to The West. Going by way of Trans Canada Highway and returning through the mid western States, visiting places like Yellowstone park, etc. This trip will take at least 4 weeks. Anyone interested to join this group should contact the undersigned as soon as possible.

CONVENTION 1970. No place for this convention has been decided yet. It would be of interest to our Eastern Canada Men's Societies, if this 1970 convention could be held somewhere in Southern Ontario. Which league or group of Men's Societies is willing to tackle the organizing of this convention? Our Federation Board will give all the help it can. For further information on our Federation, the 1969 Convention and the plans for 1970 please write to Mr. S. P. Runia, 2335 Somerset Drive, Burlington, Ont.

The philosophy of the classroom in one generation is the philosophy of the government in the next generation.

—Abraham Lincoln

## The Christian Businessmen Association

is pleased to have as speaker at its next meeting

**Mr. E. L. H. TAYLOR,**

Professor of Sociology and Economy, Dordt College.

Professor Taylor is highly qualified and known for his down to earth and practical approach.

His topic:

## "The Reformed Conception of Business Enterprise"

This is a meeting you cannot afford to miss.

**Date: December 27, 1968**

from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m.

**Place: Holiday Inn, Oakville, Ont. Q.E.W.**

**Cost: \$7.00 per person, \$13.00 per couple.**

Please register before December 20 with M. Koole, P.O. Box 25, Jordan Station, Ont. Phone 562-4126.

U hoeft geen lid te zijn van een vereniging om aan onze

## Voordelige Groepsreizen

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## Let's Play Chess

Editor Mr. C. HESS

### SOLUTIONS OF THE OCTOBER PROBLEMS

As a not too welcome exception all problems of the October series were waiters. Our solvers had not to wrestle with questions about eventual threats. To that extent the problems were not too difficult, although I neither dare to state that they were very easy.

No. 320 (S. Loyd)

1. B-B5, waiter.

a. 1. —, NxB; 2. Q-R7, N any; 3. Q-N1 mate.  
b. 1. —, N-Q3; 2. Q-Q7, NxP; 3. Q-Q1.

1. —, N-R4 and 1. —, N-Q1 are also covered by b.

Although this problem is a genuine Loyd, it is much easier than many others which this peculiar composer has made. No. 324 (issue Nov. 1) for instance is of a completely different character.

No. 321 (W. Meredith)

1. Q-R5! waiter. This problem may have caused some headaches. The keymove can hardly be found . . . But it turns out to be an excellent move. After 1. —, PxQ; the Knight mates at KB5. If the King takes the Knight, 2. B-QB5 produces a beautiful mate. Also some other variations are worthwhile. All in all: an enjoyable problem.

No. 322 (H. D'o Bernard)

1. Q-QB8, waiter.

a. 1. —, N-KB2; 2. BxN ch, KxP; 3. Q-R3 mate.

b. 1. —, N-QB3; 2. QxN, P any; 3. Q-QB3 mate.

c. 1. —, N-N2; 2. PxN, P any; 3. Q-QB3 mate.

d. 1. —, N-K3; 2. QxN, P any; 3. Q-B6 mate.

Of course, the black Pawn should not move too early, for after 1. —, P-N3 or N4?? 2. Q-QB3 mate would follow.

No. 323 (N. M. Gibbins)

This problem is a so-called Novotny, which is officially described as "mutual interference between Rook and Bishop on the same square, effected by the capture of a white piece which White places on that square".

This square is QN2 in the case of Gibbin's product; the white piece mentioned is the Knight and the keymove is 1. N-QN2 and white has simply to wait what will happen. The main variations are

a. 1. —, BxN; 2. R-Q4 disc. mate, and  
b. 1. —, RxN; 2. R-B2 disc. mate.  
c. 1. —, PxN check; 2. R-QR4 disc. mate.

DUTCH

No. 320 1. Le5 tempo. 1. —, Pe5; 2. Da7, P env.; 3. Dgl mat.  
1. —, Pd6; 2. Dd7, P env.; 3. Dd1 mat.

No. 321 1. Dh5 tempo.

No. 322 De8 tempo. 1. —, Pf7; 2. Lf7; Kh7; 3. Dh3 mat.  
1. —, Pe6; 2. De6; g6 (5); 3. De3 mat.  
1. —, Pb7; 2. ab7; g6 (5); 3. De3 mat.  
1. —, Pe6; 2. De6; g6 (5); 3. Df6 mat.

No. 323 1. Pb2 tempo.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. P.H. Your alternate solution of No. 304 fails fully because after White's second move, 2. B-KB5? black answers 2. —, N-B5!, and not 2. —, N-N8?? as you proposed. How should this position be won by white at the fourth move since from square KB5 the black Knight is able to check white . . . ?



Merry  
Christmas  
and  
a  
Happy  
New  
Year

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# Herkenning

De kerstkaart, die ik al vroeg in het seizoen uit de mailbox haalde, bracht me de beide jongens weer in herinnering. Laat op een winderige, koude zondagavond in oktober, hadden ze bij ons op de stoep gestaan. Peck met de car, en: zouden ze de telefoon wel even mogen gebruiken om een garage te bellen? Zelf hadden ze al van alles geprobeerd om het koppige vehikel weer op gang te krijgen, maar zonder resultaat. Ze zagen er koud en wat misnoedig uit.

Het kostte ons wel even moeite om hen, (stadsjongens zoals ze later bleken te zijn) aan het verstand te brengen dat er op ons dorpje, om die tijd van de dag, geen garage meer open is. Zeker niet op zondag. De teleurstelling op hun jonge gezichten, met even een vleugje van hulpeloosheid, deed me een vlug besluit nemen. Even later zaten ze achter een kop dampende koffie, met de laatste restjes van onze zondagse cake, in onze huiskamer. De telefoon werd alsnog gebruikt, zij het dan nu om hun ouders te laten weten dat ze de nacht bij ons zouden doorbrengen. Weliswaar op een veldbed in de rec-room, maar na enige aarzeling hadden ze dat toch verkozen boven hun eigen idee om dan maar in de car te slapen. Ze waren erg bang om ons overlast aan te doen. Het deed me goed, dat ze niet op hun gemak waren voordat ze hun ouders gebeld hadden en het nam het laatste restje twijfel, dat ik toch wel even gevoeld had bij het zomaar in huis halen van twee wilde knapen, helemaal weg.

Ons kerkbulletin van die dag slingerde nog ergens rond en Dave, de oudste van de twee, pikte het op. Het werd de aanleiding tot een heel gesprek. Onze beide gasten bleken Mennonieten te zijn. En ze schaamden zich het Evangelie niet. Hoe hartverwarmend om mensen, jonge mensen te ontmoeten uit een andere kring dan die waarin je gewoonlijk zelf verkeert, en om in hen dan je broeders te herkennen!

Tot over hun oren zaten ze in het jeugdwerk en kenden er ook de vrienden en teleurstellingen van. Ze kwamen net terug van een bezoek aan een van hun jeugdgroepen. Daar was het ook al hetzelfde geweest als overal: een trouwe kern die hard ploeterde om de vergaderingen en activiteiten zo aantrekkelijk mogelijk te maken, om zodoende ook hen te bereiken die nog steeds ongeïnteresseerd langs het lijntje staan. Een andere moeilijkheid was zowaar: de Taal! (Jammer, dat onze jongelui geen Hollands meer lezen, gedeelte smart is tenslotte halve smart en een probleem doet altijd wat aan belangrijkheid in als je merkt dat je er het alleenrecht niet meer van hebt!) Zo ging het deze beide jonge mannen tenminste ook, ze vatten weer wat moed toen ze merkten dat wij over deze moeilijkheden heel best mee konden praten. Velen van hun oudere geloofsgenoten willen zo graag vasthouden aan het Duits als taal voor de eredienst, terwijl de jongeren, begrijpelijkerwijs, het Engels liever volledig zagen ingevoerd. Het geeft problemen als ze hun buitenkerkelijke vrienden eens mee willen nemen naar de kerk, vooral op hoogtijdagen, omdat dan juist de meeste diensten in het Duits gehouden worden.

Aan hun kleding en aan het feit dat ze allebei studeerden, hadden we al gemerkt dat ze niet behoorden tot die groep van Mennonieten

die zich zo afzijdig van de wereld houden. Ik vroeg hen hoe ze over deze mensen dachten. Ze legden ons uit dat ze het op verschillende punten niet met deze broeders van hen eens waren, maar ik was blij te horen dat ze er desondanks heel veel respect voor hadden.

Ze hebben tenminste een principe en ze staan er ook voor en dat kunnen we alleen maar in hen bewonderen. Dat is het juist wat ons in de wereld van vandaag zo tegen staat, dat er niet veel mensen met een vaste overtuiging meer gevonden worden. Alles staat op losse schroeven, heel velen nemen alles maar zoals het komt. Het was Dave, die het woord voerde, maar Allan zat instemmend te knikken. Het maakte me echt blij. Het is al heel fijn als je de jongelui uit je eigen kerk zo hoort praten, maar als je er dan ook zo eens een paar van een andere tong en natie ontmoet, dat geeft de burger van het Koninkrijk weer moed!

We hebben verder ook nog heel wat afgepraat. Ik betreurde het alleen dat onze eigen tekeners al in bed waren toen de jongens kwamen, het zou voor hen ook een heel mooie ervaring geweest zijn. De andere ochtend was daar natuurlijk geen gelegenheid meer voor. Een gezin met opgroeiende kinderen op Maandagmorgen vroeg, leent zich nu eenmaal niet voor interessante of zwaarwichtige discussies! Vóór ik er dan ook goed en wel erg in had, waren de jongens weer vertrokken. Een mechanic van de dichtbijzijnde garage had de car tot hun grote opluchting weer op gang gekregen en ze hadden zelfs goede hoop nog op tijd te zijn voor hun college-classes.

De drukte van elke dag nam ons weer in beslag en nadat we nog een "Thank you note" van hen ontvangen hadden, waren ze alweer wat naar de achtergrond van mijn gedachten geraakt.

En nu dan deze kerstkaart! Er stond een tekst op. Jesaja 9 vers 6. Een gedeelte ervan hadden ze onderstreept: and the government shall be upon His shoulder. Ja jongens, dat moeten we vasthouden, jullie en wij en allen die Zijn verschijning hebben liefgehad!

Een schijnbaar toevallige ontmoeting. Ships that pass in the night, maar met de Kruisvlag in top!



## CHRISTMAS IN EARLIER DAYS

(Canadian Scene) — Christmas was celebrated for the first time on Canadian soil in 1535, in the palisaded fort which Jacques Cartier and his men had built at the mouth of the St. Charles River (they called it Ste. Croix), and on the French ships frozen fast in the St. Lawrence. This was not a joyful day for the hardy men from Normandy, huddled in their cold blockhouses ashore or beneath the deck in the equally icy ships. Their situation was almost desperate — alone in a wilderness surrounded by natives whom they dared not trust. Twenty-five of them died before Spring released the ships from the ice and they could return to France. Yet, it is recorded that they celebrated Christmas devotedly and bravely.

It was in Nova Scotia that the first Christmas service was held in Government House, Halifax, in 1749. Although Government House was only a rough structure in the fledgling military post, the sincerity and courage of those worshippers was such that the foundations were laid for the building of Canada. Lonely for their families (who had not yet joined them), and with none of the familiar Christmas festivities, nevertheless these sturdy pioneers had a deep faith in God, themselves, and the new country which held their future.

The United Empire Loyalists were the first British settlers who came to present-day Ontario. At Christmas, 1782, the first Yule logs were cut and dragged home to brighten the hearts. It was the only cheerful note, for several seasons were to pass before adequate crops were grown. Bran was used for making cakes, and leeks, buds of trees, and even leaves were ground into food.

At Christmas, 1790, the first wedding was performed in Upper Canada. The only clergyman in the district travelled 50 miles on horseback from Kingston to a cabin in Maitland to perform the ceremony in a setting of red rowan berries and spruce boughs.

On the Atlantic coast on Christmas Day, 1791, Trinity Church, Saint John, New Brunswick, first opened its doors. At that service,

the Royal Coat of Arms, which had been brought by the Loyalists from the Council of Massachusetts, was dedicated. It was a memorable day for those settlers, who only eight years before had been disembarked before they could pitch their tents or build their shanties. "Nothing but wilderness before our eyes, the women and children did not refrain from tears," wrote one of the exiles; and the grandmother of one of Sir Leonard Tilley (one of The Fathers of Confederation) used to tell her descendants: "I climbed to the top of Chipman's Hill and watched the sails disappearing in the distance, and such a feeling of loneliness came over me that, although I had not shed a tear through all the war (the American Revolution) I sat down on the damp moss with my baby in my lap and cried."

On the Pacific Coast, the building of the new Fort Victoria was just completed in time for Christmas, 1843. Inside the Fort, ringed with high cedar pickets, were buildings for storage, an Indian trading shop, a general trading shop, and accommodation for two families. A belfry stood in the middle of the complex, its bell to toll for meals, weddings, deaths, church services, fires and warnings. It pealed forth the first time on Christmas Day accompanied by the firing of rockets from the ship "Cadnor".

## Hogere Portokosten

(Canadian Scene) — De beste manier om uit te vinden hoeveel de portokosten omhooggegaan zijn is om op het postkantoor een pamflet op te halen, waarin dit allemaal precies is aangegeven. Alle stukken die per briefpost naar een adres in Canada worden gezonden, dienen nu gefrankeerd te worden met een 6 cents postzegel als het niet meer dan een "ounce" weegt; en 4 cents voor ieder volgend "ounce" of gedeelte daarvan. Briefkaarten zijn ook 6 cents. In alle gevallen waar er een luchtverbinding is wordt dit soort post per vliegtuig vervoerd. Onder "third class mail" vallen boeken, tijdschriften, open Kerstkaarten en andere kaarten. Hier bedraagt het porto 5 cents voor de eerste twee ounces en 3 cents voor iedere volgende twee ounces. Third class post naar het buitenland kost 6 cents voor de eerste twee ounces en 3 cents voor iedere volgende twee ounces. Zeepost naar landen in thet Britse Gemenebest, Ierland, Noord-, Centraal en Zuid-Amerika, Frankrijk en Spanje kost 6 cents voor het eerste ounce, en 4 cents voor ieder verder ounce. Dit geldt ook voor briefkaarten. Voor andere landen bedraagt dit porto 12 cents voor het eerste ounce en 7 cents voor ieder volgend ounce; briefkaarten 7 cents.

## SALEM

Many readers of Calvinist-Contact are not yet members of the Salem Christian Sanitarium Association Inc.

Please, become a member by sending at least \$5.00 annually to Salem, Box 33, Whitby, Ont., or write for information.

YOUR SUPPORT IS VERY MUCH NEEDED!



## CHRISTMAS- CONCERTS

BY

Chr. Music Society "EUPHONIA",  
Toronto

Chr. Chamber Orchestra  
"PRO MUSICA", Toronto

Chr. Mixed Choir  
"PRAISE THE LORD", Toronto

Chr. Mixed Choir  
"CANTATE DOMINO", Toronto

Chr. Children's Choir  
"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD"  
Toronto

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF  
LEENDERT KOOIJ (A.R.C.T.)

LONDON: Thursday, December 19, 1968 at 8.30 p.m. in the Westminster Secondary School, 230 Base Line West.  
TORONTO: Thursday, December 26, 1968 at 8.00 p.m. in the Christian Reformed Church, Albion Road, Rexdale.  
BOWMANVILLE: Saturday, December 28, 1968 at 8.00 p.m. in the Knox Christian School Auditorium, Scuggog Street.

Come, hear the music of Handel, Von Weber, Schutz, Bach, Kiel, a.o. — Sing along with the Choirs and Orchestra, in an hour of the real Christmas spirit.

There will be Free admission to the Toronto Concert, and also Free admission in London and Bowmanville for members of the Dutch Canadian Fellowship Association only. Non members \$1.00 or \$1.50 per couple, children 50¢.

Tickets may be picked up in advance from:  
London: London Travel Bureau, 395 Dundas Street. Tel. 432-1141.  
Bowmanville: George Blijleven, R.R. # 6, Bowmanville. Tel. 623-5300.  
Oshawa: Teeninga Stores, 149 Simcoe Street. Tel. 725-8543.

## WEERZIEN IN CANADA

OOK UW OUDERS KUNNEN DEELNEMEN AAN

## de VEERTIENDE Familie-Bezoek-Reis naar Canada

georganiseerd door de

Nederlandse Christelijke Reis Vereniging, in samenwerking met de N.C.R.(adio).V., de C.P.B., de N.C.V.B. en de C.B.T.B.

Heen:

Van Rotterdam — 2 mei 1969 met de "Nieuw Amsterdam" van de H.A.L.

Terug:

Van Halifax — 24 augustus 1969, eveneens met de "Nieuw Amsterdam".

Ook verzorgen wij deskundig alle individuele vlieg- en bootreizen.

Vrijblijvende inlichtingen ook over de financiering worden U of Uw ouders gaarne verstrekt door het

Centraal Bureau der Nederlandse Christelijke Reisvereniging

Weteringkade 22a, Postbox 1035, DEN HAAG, Tel. 814691.

Off. I.A.T.A. en Holland Amerika Lijn agent.



BEST  
WISHES  
FOR THE  
HOLIDAYS

Holtzheuser Bros. Ltd.  
Toronto - Edmonton - Vancouver



## CLASSIFIED ADS

Pay your advertisement when you send it in. See our standard-rates below:

Birth-announcements \$4.00  
Engagement-announcements \$4.00  
Marriage and anniversaries \$6.00  
Notifications of death \$5.00  
"For Sale" and "Want" advertisements up to 30 words \$4.00. Every word more 15¢.

For "letters under number" 50¢ extra.

Send your payment together with your ad to:

**Calvinist-Contact**  
Box 312, Station B,  
Hamilton, Ont.

Most happy with our parents  
Dr. & Mrs.  
R. KOOISTRA

for double celebration. December 15th will be their 25th wedding anniversary and December 19th will mark the date of Dad's ordination in the ministry 25 years ago.

Dorothy and John Kralt  
(Grand Rapids, Mich.).  
Jacky and Theo Vande Putte  
(Port Colborne).

Clarence Kooistra  
(Willowdale).

John Kooistra  
(Willowdale).

We are grateful that on December 21st we may celebrate the 35th anniversary of our parents

JOHN KNIGHT

and  
GERTRUDE KNIGHT  
(nee WEEDA)

Grand Rapids, Mich.:  
John and Gay Knight.

Escalon, Calif.:  
Lawrence and Nancy  
De Ruiter.

Fenwick, Ont.:  
Jack and Betty Knight.

Weston, Ont.:  
Bill and Mary Knight.

Fenwick, Ont.:  
Keith.  
Joyce.

Welland Ave.,  
Fenwick, Ontario.

Mr. & Mrs.

**HARRY ZOMER**

and their children JACQUELINE  
and BRYAN

wish all their relatives, friends  
and acquaintances

A BLESSED CHRISTMAS and  
A PROSPEROUS 1969.

(Instead of sending cards a donation has been sent to the Youth Evangelism Society.)

11 Richmond Cr., Welland-Jet.

**Harry Den Haan**

**Tax Consultant**

(Registered)

10 Leavesden Place,  
HAMILTON, 50, ONT.

Phone 383-6713

WISHES HIS CLIENTS  
AND FRIENDS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

For sale:

TWO PLASTIC GREENHOUSES

100 x 24 ft. New last year. Reasonable. Telephone 775-2313, area code 416.

## SPECIALE KERSTAANBIEDING SJOELBAKKEN

6 voet lang, 20 stenen diam 2", \$12.50. Voor lakken \$2.— extra. 5% tax. Uitsluitend bij vooruitbetaling. Beamsville Refinishing, 198 Ontario Street, Beamsville, Ont. Phone 563-7091.

For rent, Mohawk Rd. E., Hamilton.

### 3-BEDROOM HOME

with attached garage. Immediate possession. For further information call L. J. Wieringa at 388-2247 or Mrs. Mostert at 389-6057. Cair Realty Ltd

Wanted: A girl to share

### FURNISHED APARTMENT

in central location in Hamilton, near First Chr. Ref. Church. Write to Miss H. Boontra, 234 McNab St S., Hamilton, Ont. or phone 529-0921 after 6 o'clock.

Gentleman likes to

### CORRESPOND

with serious girl, 22 to 28. Letters under number 2106, % Calvinist-Contact, Box 312, Station B, Hamilton, Ont.

Is there a lonely, amiable, kind-hearted, sincere girl, 30-40 years, Canadian or Dutch, who

### WISHES TO MEET

a sincere gentleman, Chr. Ref.? Write to 2108, % Calvinist-Contact, P.O. Box 312, Stat B, Hamilton, Ont.

Zeer gunstig gelegen

### HIGHWAY GARDEN CENTER

1 mijl buiten mooie plaats in Zuid-Ontario. Bijna 2 acres, met 4 slaapkamer stenen huis, garage, pakking huis en grote Lord & Burner kas, gasverwarming, goede watervoorziening, 240 voet highway front. Ideaal voor landschap, nursery man. \$10,000 down or best offer. Box 2107, % Calvinist-Contact, P.O. Box 312, Stat. B, Hamilton, Ont.

### FOR SALE

130 Acre cash crop farm. Good 7-room house. \$15,000 down.

194 Acre dairy farm with milk-contract. Good building, frame house and barns.

132 Acres. No house. 2 Barns, machine shed, \$10,000 down.

50 Acre farm, good house, bath, furnace, 3 barns, equipped for pigs, \$15,000 down, on paved road

184 Acres dairy farm. Stone house, 3 barns, barn cleaner, silo unloader, steel granery, corn crib. \$20,000 down.

100 Acre dairy farm, 8-room frame house, \$12,900 down. Room for 40 head of cattle.

For sale Store in village, doing about \$100,000 of business.

For sale small store on Highway, with living quarters and 3 1/4 acres of land. Stock and machinery. \$25,000.

For sale formerly Steinberg Store. Building contains about 9,000 sq. feet space. Could be used for restaurant or a small plant. A lot of parking space.

Also for sale several good Tobacco farms. Before you buy, see this property.

## MR. HENRI BOUCKAERT

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or

Mrs. J. Wybenga

Box 73, Beachville, Ont.

Ph. 423-6406

Mrs. R. Spanjer

Box 254, Thamesford, Ont.

Ph. 285-2813

Op 22 november 1968 nam de Heere tot Zich in Zijn eeuwige Heerlijkheid, onze geliefde zwager en oom

WILLEM KATERBERG,

geliefde echtgenoot van Zwaantje Ellen,

op de leeftijd van 59 jaar.

"Zalig zij, die genodigd zijn tot het brulloftmaal des Lams." (Openb. 19:9)

A. Ellen.  
F. Ellen—Rooseboom,  
Schoonebeek, Ned.

L. Ellen.  
A. Ellen—Ensing,  
Nieuw-Schoonebeek, Ned.

B. Rotmensen—Ellen,  
Schoonebeek, Ned.

G. Stevens.  
R. Stevens—Ellen,  
Oosterhesselen, Ned.

G. Ellen—Eisen,  
Schoonebeek, Ned.

B. Kiers.  
H. Kiers—Ellen,  
Hollandseveld, Ned.

R. Kuipers  
H. Kuipers—Ellen,  
Simcoe, Ont.

En kinderen.

Op 26 november 1968 ont-sliep in haar Heer en Heiland onze lieve dochter, zuster en behuwdzuster

SJOERDTJE DIJKMAN  
(NIEUWENHUIS).

Uit aller naam:

S. Nieuwenhuis (Sr.).  
Lethbridge, Alta.

Het behaagde de Here, op Zijn tijd tot Zich te nemen, Zijn moegestreden kind, onze innig geliefde, zorgzame man, vader en grootvader

JOHN VAN BEETS,

op de leeftijd van 65 jaar.

Eén van de liederen, die we tezamen nog met hem mochten zingen was,

Die hoop moet al ons leed verzachten.

Komt reisgenoten! 't hoofd omhoog.

Voor hen, die 't heil des Heren wachten,

Zijn bergen vlak, en zeeën droog.

O zaligheid niet af te meten,  
O vreugd, die alle smart verband.

Daar is de vreemd'lingschap vergeten;

En wij, wij zijn in 't vaderland.

Zijn leven was Christus, zijn sterven gewin.

Mrs. Patricia Van Beets,  
Chatham, Ont.

Grace & Mike Pietens,  
Chatham, Ont.

Hilda & Gerald Schippers,  
Dresden, Ont.

Winnie & George Vroom,  
Rexdale, Ont.

Frances & Herman Vellinga,  
Chatham, Ont.

Louise & Walter Timmermans,  
Chatham, Ont.

Sylvia & Henry Van Minnen,  
Chatham, Ont.

en 21 kleinkinderen.

29 November 1968.

436 Queen Street,  
Chatham, Ontario.

Vanuit Wartena (Fr.), Holland ontvingen wij het bericht dat de Here heeft opgenomen in Zijn Vaderhuis, op 1 december 1968, onze geliefde moeder, groot-en overgrootmoeder

HARMKE HOEKSTRA—  
HERDER,

weduwe van A. Hoekstra,

in de gezegende ouderdom van 89 jaar.

Het was haar verlangen om ontbonden te worden en met Christus te zijn.

Grand Rapids, Mich.:  
J. Hoekstra.  
D. Hoekstra—

de Graaf.  
Georgetown, Ont.:  
R. Hoekstra.  
W. Hoekstra—

Petrusma.  
Huizen, Nd.-Holland:  
Wed. P. Teeuwissen—

Hoekstra.  
Georgetown, Ont.

Suddenly through a tragic automobile accident the Lord took unto Himself our dearly beloved fiancé, son, brother and uncle

HENRY,

in his 26th year.

"Great Is Thy Faithfulness Lord Unto Me."

Helen Lopers.  
Mr. & Mrs.  
John Hogeterp.

Peter & Ruth.  
Martha & Louis.  
Rose & Mike.

Clarence & Patti.  
Hazel & John.  
Nieces & nephews.

Jarvis, Ont.

December 2, 1968.

Suddenly the Lord took unto His glory, as a result of a car accident, our dear nephew and cousin

HENRY HOGETERP,

on December 2, at the age of 25.

Romans 6:8.

Mr. Hendrik Hogeterp,  
Heeg (Fr.).

Mr. & Mrs.  
Neil Hogeterp,  
London, Ont.

Mr. & Mrs.  
Auke Hogeterp,  
Heeg (Fr.).

Mr. & Mrs.  
Klaas de Bock,  
Galt, Ont.

Mr. & Mrs.  
Peter Hogeterp,  
Hagersville, Ont.

Mr. & Mrs.  
Gerrit Hogeterp,  
York, Ont.

Mr. & Mrs.  
Ralph Hogeterp,  
Cayuga, Ont.

& children.

In loving memory of our dear uncle

HENRY,

who went to live with Jesus.

Pommy.

Jennifer.

Jeffrey.

René.

Debbie.

Barbie.

Pauline.

Jason.

Jarvis, Ont.

December 2, 1968.

Door een tragisch accident nam de Heere uit onze familiekring weg onze geliefde neef

HENDRIK HOGETERP,

op de leeftijd van bijna 26 jaar.

Sterke de Heere zijn ouders, broeders en zusters in dit zo zware verlies.

Jarvis, 2 december 1968.

E. A. Bokma.  
Sj. Bokma—Ottoma.

Sipke en Joke  
de Schifffert.

Willem en Pietek  
Kinkel.

Jan Joh. en  
Allice Bokma.

Simcoe, Ont.

At this time, we as their friends want to express our deepfelt sympathy with the family John Hogeterp and Helen, when the Lord so suddenly called unto Himself their beloved son, brother and fiancé

HENRY.

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to His purpose." Rom. 8:28.

Ellen DeVries.  
Wilfred and  
Gé DeVries.

John and  
Tena Kramer.

Jarvis, Ont.

December 2, 1968.

The Board of Local 5, Jarvis, Ont. of the Christian Labour Association of Canada, expresses its sincere Christian sympathy to its President Mr. Peter Hogeterp and his relatives in the death of his brother

HENRY HOGETERP,

member of our local.

May the Lord grant comfort with His Word and Spirit.

It pleased the Lord to take unto Himself a dear member of our choir

HENRY HOGETERP.

We pray that the Lord will strengthen his family and friends during this time of loss.

Jarvis Caroliers,  
Jarvis, Ontario.

Suddenly the Lord took unto Him our husband, father and grandfather

DERK BLAAK.

"My mouth shall sing for aye Thy tender mercies Lord." (Ps. 89)

Mrs. A. Blaak.

Andy and Joan

Wilt and Fré.

Jan.

Ina and Tony.

Grace and Walter.

Yetti and George.

Ike and Jack.

Elizabeth.

Dorothy.

Bran.

Hugh.

and grandchildren.

Dec. 6, 1968.

London, Ont.,  
624 Queens Ave.

Op 6 december 1968 heeft de Here onverwacht tot Zich genomen onze geliefde zwager en oom

DERK BLAAK,

echtgenoot van  
Aaltje Feenstra.

624 Queens Ave.,  
London, Ont.

Harkstede (Gr.):  
J. Stel—Feenstra.

Drachten:  
R. Dijkstra—  
Boonstra.

Apeldoorn:  
W. Feenstra.

Groningen:  
P. B. Lengkeek.  
E. Lengkeek—  
Feenstra.

Stratford, Ont.:  
O. Feenstra.  
S. Feenstra—  
van der Zee.

Trenton, Ont.:  
E. A. Feenstra—  
Meier.

Drachten:  
B. Feenstra.  
G. Feenstra—  
van der Veen.

Oosterwolde:  
H. Nobel.  
W. Nobel—Feenstra.

Maassluis:  
R. Feenstra.  
D. Feenstra—Wouda.

Neven en nichten.

Psalm 15:1a.

Since it has pleased the Lord in His infinite wisdom to take unto Himself

DERK BLAAK,

we, the undersigned, want to express our sympathy to Mrs. Blaak and her children in this sudden loss.

Brother Blaak has served the undivided church of London, Ont. as elder and at the time of his death was a highly esteemed member of the First Church.

May the Lord strengthen and support the bereaved.

The consistories of the First Chr. Reformed Church and Bethel Chr. Reformed Church.

London, Ont.,

December 6,

Anno Domini 1968.

"Opdat gij ook zijn moogt waar Ik ben." (Joh. 14:3)

Geheel onverwacht heeft de Here tot Zich genomen ons aller beste vriend

Mr. DERK BLAAK.

Schenke de Here Zijn rijke troost aan zijn vrouw en kinderen.

London, 6 december 1968.

Mr. en Mrs.  
A. Haagsma  
(Ingersoll).

Mr. en Mrs.  
E. Hiemstra.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Broer.

Mr. en Mrs.  
D. van der Hoek.

Mr. en Mrs.  
H. van der Laan.

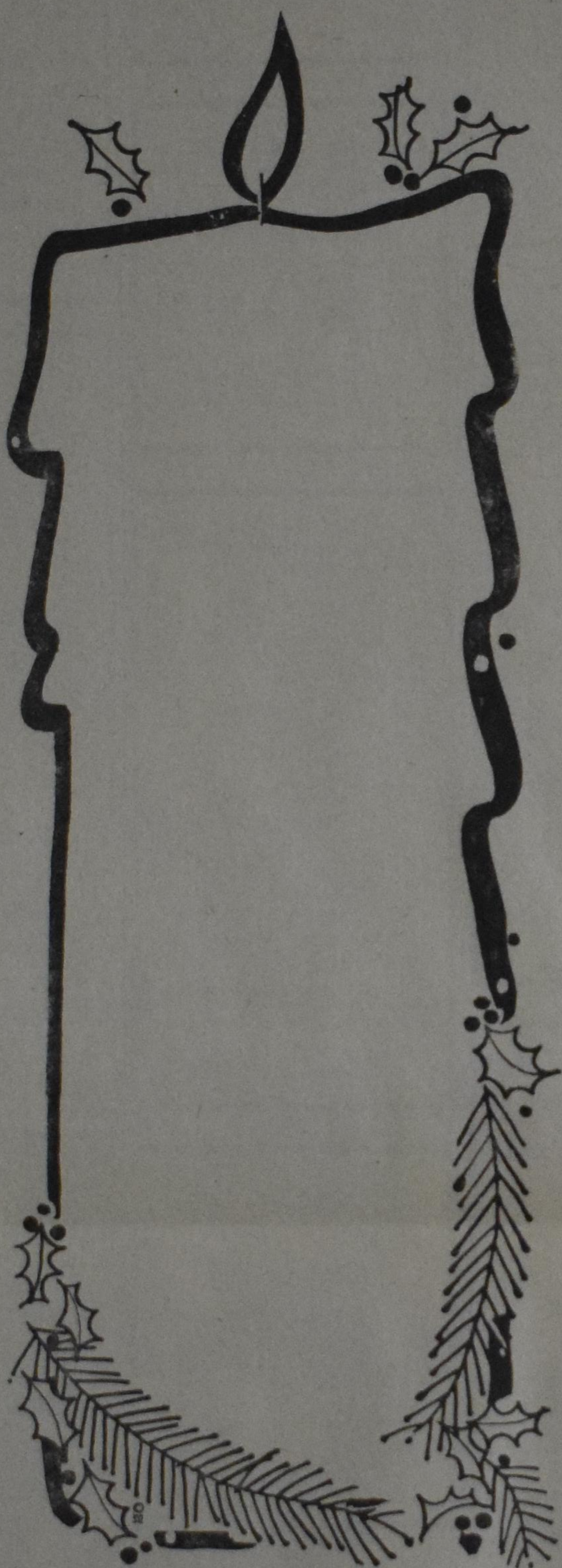
## Dairy Farm,

## going concern

90 Head of Holsteins, group A milk quota 1165 lbs. daily. 140 Acres excellent land, modern barn and other buildings, stable cleaner, 3 silos, full line of equipment, new tractor, baler, harvester, modern milking utensils. A profitable Hog Feeding Operation of about 800 brings the income far above average. 2 Family large brick house, all conveniences. Farm is located 2 miles from town on a paved road. Ideal setup for Government Loan. Submit all serious offers. Asking \$110,000.

Gerrit Otten





## **Wij zitten met dit Kerstfeest wat verlegen**

Wij zitten met dit Kerstfeest wat verlegen,  
Er is geen reden om uitbundig blij te zijn.  
De wereld wordt vervolgd door drugs en honger,  
De aarde is voor zoveel mensen haast te klein.

Wij kunnen vrolijk *doen* en stemming kweken,  
Maar echte blijdschap is er toch haast niet.  
Er wordt geleden en verwoed gestreden.  
Wie is er die nu nog Gods Liefde ziet?

Wij steken kaarsen aan om licht te maken  
En wij versieren onze kamers met wat groen.  
Maar 't échte feest komt pas als God in Liefde  
Zich neerbuigt om ons 't feestkleed aan te doen.

Wij zitten met dit Kerstfeest wat verlegen —  
Tenzij ons oog op God gericht mag staan.

— — — — —  
Bereid, Heer, Zélf het feest van Uw geboorte,  
Steek in ons leven Zélf de kaarsen aan!

MET GOEDE WENSEN VOOR EEN GEZEGEND KERSTFEEST  
EN EEN VOORSPOEDIG NIEUWJAAR AANGEBODEN DOOR

**DIRECTIE EN PERSONEEL VAN**

**HOLLANDIA BAKERIES LTD.**

**Mount Brydges, Ont.**

**EN**

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**Toronto, Ont.**